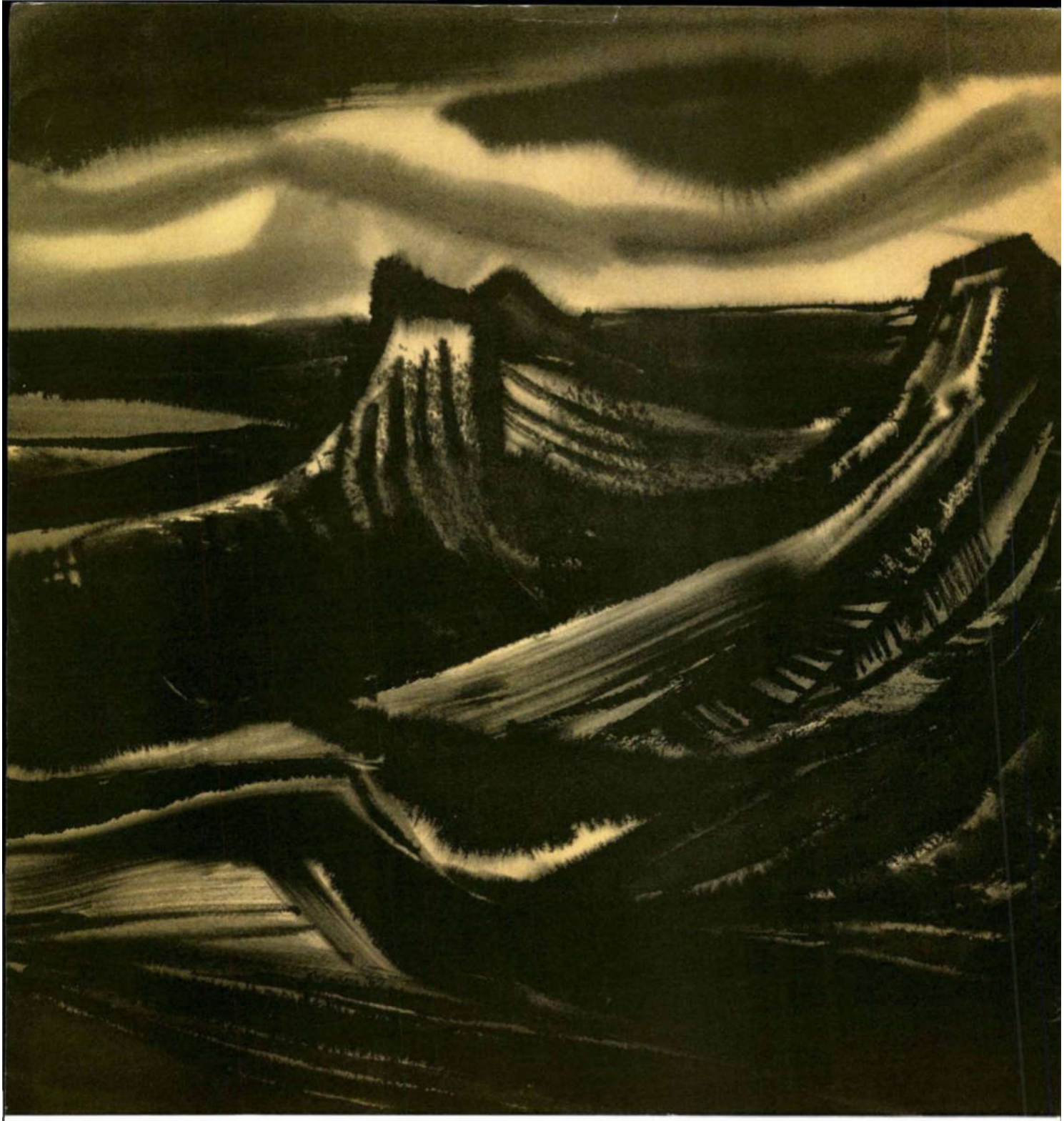
The Beaver

SUMMER 1965



THIS IS THE ARCTIC – specially interpreted by painter George Swinton – Canada's newest frontier served now, as in the past, by the men of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Hudson's Bay Company.

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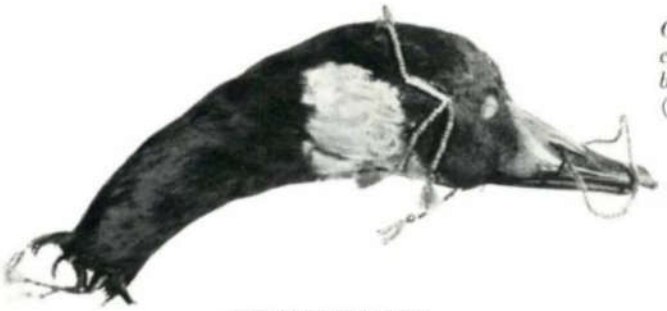

Canada goose head ceremonially treated by Rupert House Indians *(see page 35)*

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COVER: OWL MAN
A carving at Cape Dorset by Latcholassie, 9¼ inches high, photographed by Rosemary Gilliat

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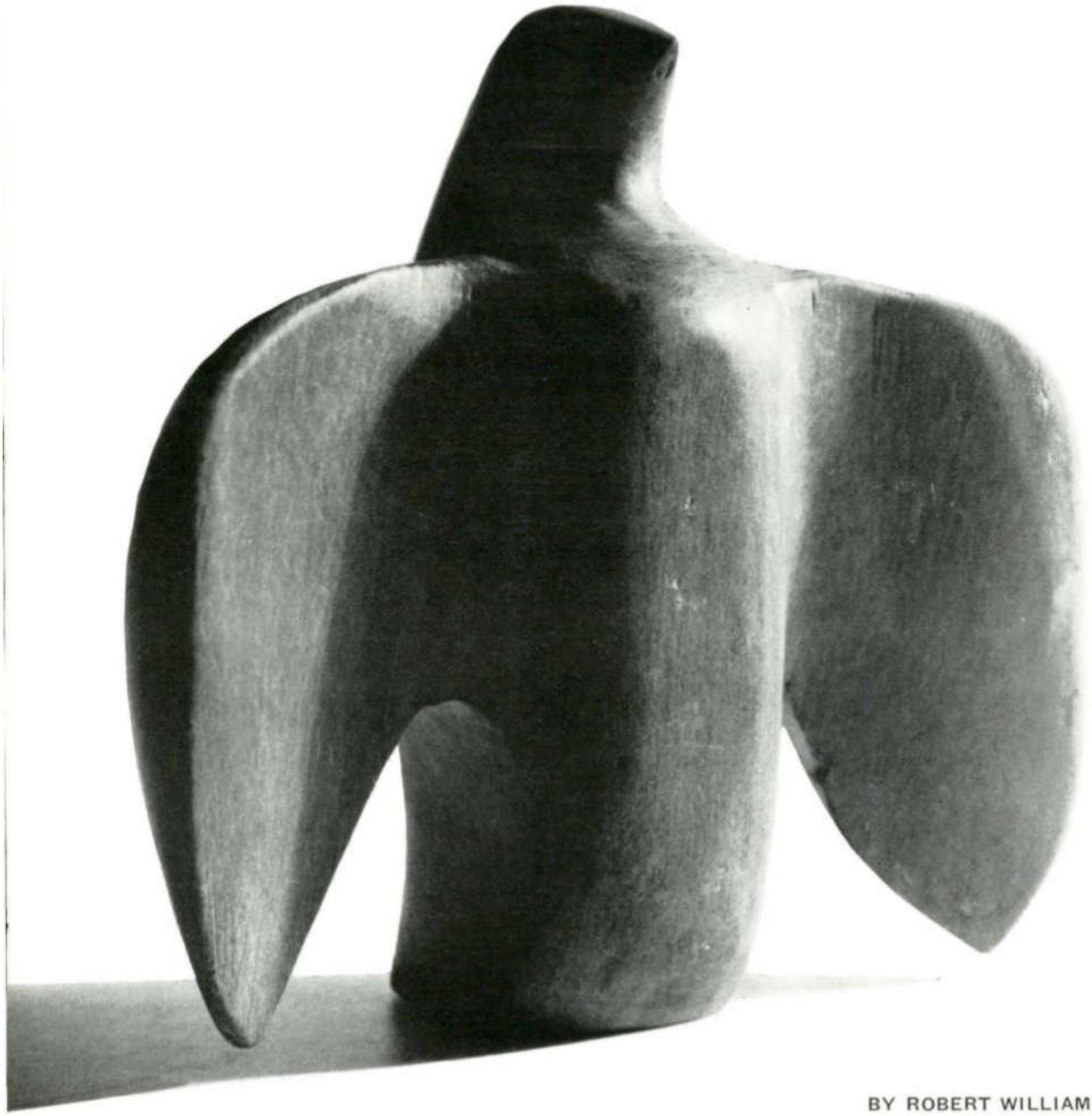
The Spirit of Keewatin



BY ROBERT WILLIAMSON

THE BROWN AND QUIET-EYED people of the north are silent in this noisy world. They have no voice where politicians prate. They do not write yet for the hungry prints which hold your eye for half an hour and then die, burned or wrapping something. Yet these gently-spoken Mongoloids who spanned this continent some twenty centuries before the babe was born in Bethlehem have reached out from the lonely Arctic just before they perished as a people, leaving all their spirit in their speaking stone.

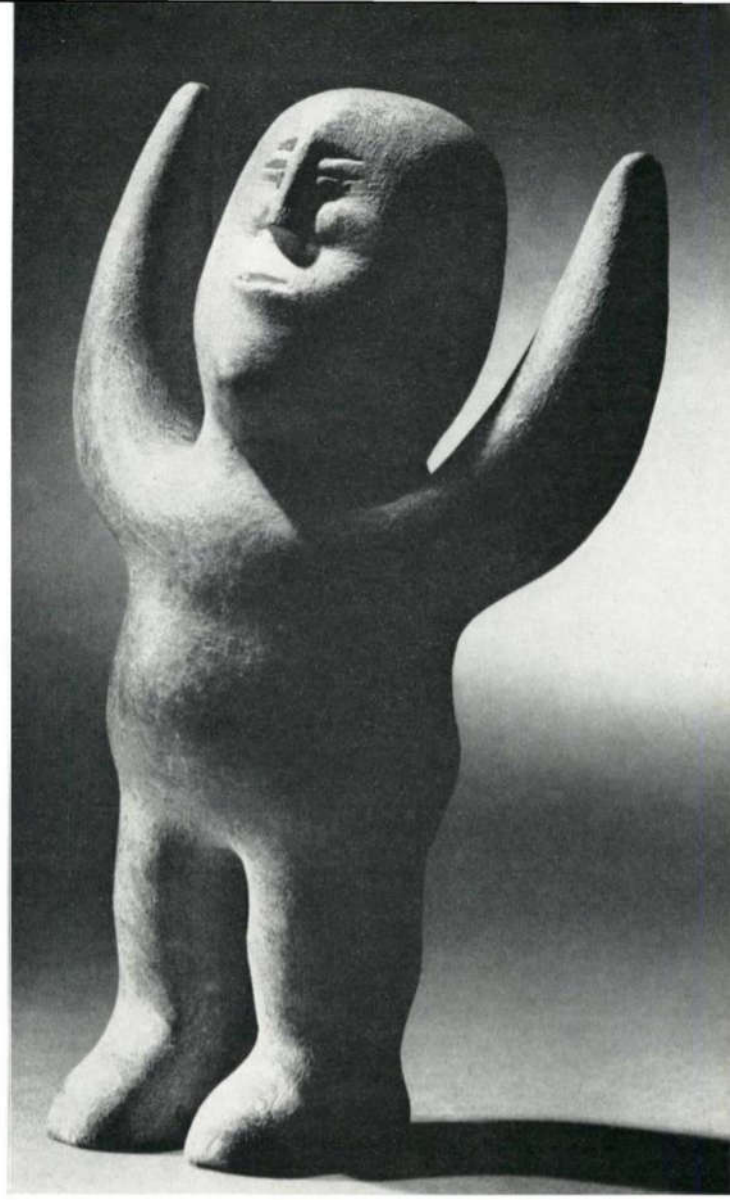
Their carvings stand in chancelleries and palaces across the earth, and speak dynamically for Canada with fluid, simple strength. The galleries compete to show and keep them, and they are proudly seen in homes which value loveliness.

I wonder if the eyes that see these carvings now are ever drawn beyond the curving stone to seek some image of the mind and hands which fashioned it? I wonder if they try to see the callous country where this pulsing beauty grew?

The Arctic was a world beyond our world, a cosmos, a dimension, a cold-encapsuled planet on its own. In it there was nothing straight or mathematical or limited. Clean horizons curved forever round, the men forever in their centre. The skies were not bisected by the verticals of trees, and masts and chimneys—or even poles to flaunt the latest flag.

The igloo wall curved like a friendly arm around the shoulders of its brood. There were no finite corners anywhere to catch the wind and weaken the great strength that braced the spiral dome. The walrus-tusked harpoon, the bird-spear and the kayak all were graceful curves to turn the might of muscles, waves, and surging air. Fish and whales and seals and arching caribou can all confirm in nature's living forms the endless rightness of the round. These people knew the earth was round before Mercator could project his spoon across the nursery floor. We see them now as subtle engineers who found designs in many features of their desert, living on with apt technology where Norse and Briton later came to leave their bones.

To live so, next to death in every changing wind, and desiccated to the grave by cold and wind and hunger sooner than a grandchild's growth, the Arctic people needed more than neat design and quickened senses. They had of course their patience and stolidity, their great endurance and their tireless limbs. But more than this was needed, and it came; philosophy and comprehension of eternals, giving meaning, cogency and integration of each part of their reality, the substance and the thought, the solid and the word—in one great, deep cosmology.



CARVING BY TITTAK (TIKTAK)
OPPOSITE: BY ERKOOLIK

The author, a fluent Eskimo linguist, has chosen the arctic settlement of Rankin Inlet in the Keewatin as home for himself and his family. Keewatin is the district on the mainland to the west of Hudson Bay, home of both coastal and inland Eskimos. Until recently few carvings had come from Keewatin, most of the work which has won renown coming from the area east and north of Hudson Bay. Baker Lake, currently an exciting centre of Eskimo art, is some 200 miles west of the Bay.

Scarcity of caribou brought starvation conditions to the inland Eskimos, some of whom were brought to the coast where they tried with varying success to adapt to a sea-oriented life. The operation of a nickel mine at Rankin Inlet for a few years created a concentration of people in that settlement with the need for even greater adaptation.

The carvings shown are from Keewatin. Photographs are by Campbell & Chipman, pages 5, 9 (bird), 12 (top); Bill Halkett, 7 (left); National Film Board 6 (head); Hugh Allan, 10 (carving); all others by George Swinton whose forthcoming book on Eskimo art to be published by McClelland & Stewart will contain some of these pictures.

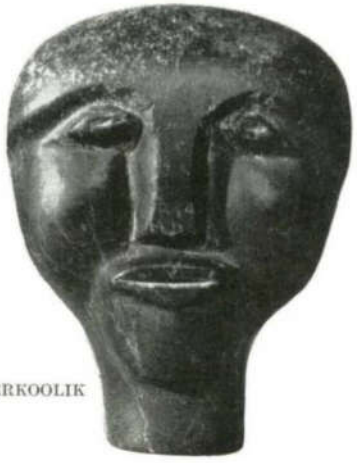
Inherent in the language, in the weight and finest sense of word and syllable, is heard the rationale, the values and perceptions that each culture has, the resonance of physical and metaphysical as time has spelt it out. And so in Eskimo we see the primacy of 'thought'.

Consider what it is that lasts when all else disappears or changes soon to take another form. In spring the snow will go, and ice drifts out at last upon some summer tide. The hides of clothing, tents, and bedding wear out almost every year. Flesh and blood recede into the blizzards, sink down into the sea, freeze alone away from help, or shrivel with starvation. All the time this happens, quickly, quietly, unrelentingly. It is happening now, right at this very moment. But if a body dies, its person is not wiped from off the social slate. The life, its loves, its doings great or trivial but memorable still somehow, its laugh, its words persist. The vehicle of the memory must be the person's name. The name evokes the images, and through our images we live on. Names are words, and with the northern people words for animals, and birds, and body-parts, and feelings all serve as names for people too. And words are nothing but the shape and sound of thoughts.

BY KINGALIK

Perpetuation of a people wandering in a desert cannot be in tangibles. The creaking sled can carry only basic needs, and living-space must crouch to keep in all the warmth it can. So it is that northern man, the doer of all doers, whose every day is taken up in the most elemental task, has nonetheless philosophized to maximize the power of thought above all else. *Isu* is the word-root meaning "ultimate," "the end," "the purpose" and so on. And *isuma* means "thought". *Isumata* is leader, boss, decision-maker, headman, foreman, monarch, top administrator; it means "the one who thinks". Seniority for Eskimos is not vested in he whose harpoon flies the truest, or even in the quickest-thinking hunter who can save the situation when going is tough or dangerous. The power rests with the contemplative sage or even with the younger man whose clear intelligence has won respect.

It is the intellectuals who act as mediums for the group, the spiritually-endowed who function metaphysically to keep the eternal balance in the world, between the souls



BY ERKOOLIK

The muskox carving above came from Cape Fullerton in 1904; the one on the right from Baker Lake last year.

BY TATTENER

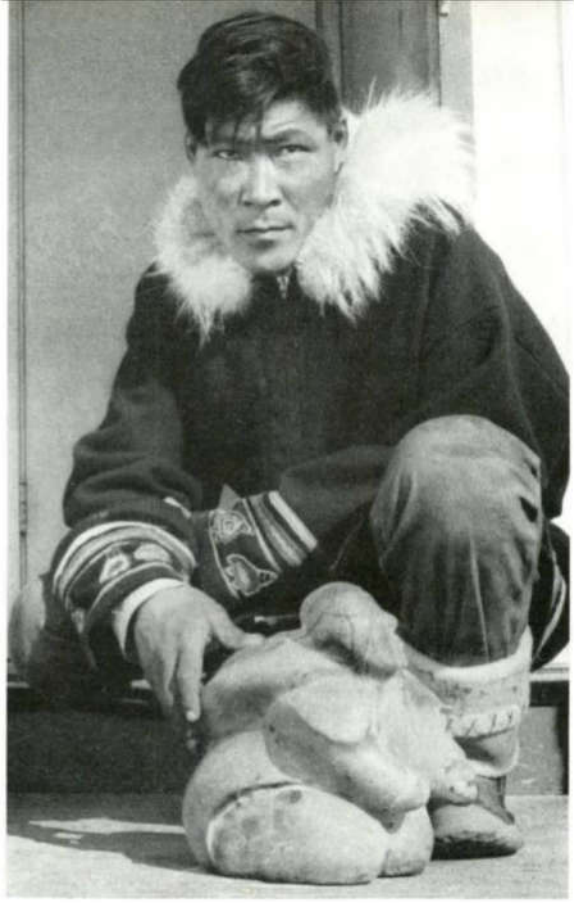
on earth, their counterparts who for a time are lacking flesh, and with the endless, galvanizing forces of the cosmos. The Eskimos traditionally were truly a religious people, seeing in each part of life significances transcending the material. The hunting life, the daily matching of the man with animals who shared the names of neighbours, companions in the universal soul, was not a secular pursuit, but girded with the prayers, restraints and observations of a people who respected all the unseen working powers of nature.

The mediumistic arbiter of every group—the *angaquq*—could intercede with powers within the air, beneath the sea and on the moon. In trance he could project his spirit out to see the dangers and the chances of a journey not begun, or down to Talulujuq on the ocean floor, mother of the creatures of the sea, commander of the storms and calms, name-giver to the newly-born or sick whose souls were tired. Each soul was known to be a tri-part power, the name the individuated part, and part too of the kin-complex that shared that name, and part again of Creativity, the Source of Life, a fragment of the Universal Soul, the 'Air' which animates all living things. *Silap inua* "The Person of the Air" was, then, the Universal God, the Soul that lives in everyone, the Spirit of All Life. Without air or *sila* there is no life, no light, no soul, no intellect. *Silatuju* means "intelligent", negated by *silaituq* literally the lack of air. Our minds, of course, become confused and dull when air-deprived, and clearer, sharper when the air is fresh. But in the minds of Eskimos the fact is carried further, and in effect the person of intelligence is thought endowed with greater powers drawn from the Source of Life, the Ultimate, the First Great Thought, which rationalized the Chaos with a cogent word.

In igloos in the Barren Lands of my home (Keewatin on the modern maps) these thoughts were known, these verities were taught, and still they lie, now less articulate but profound, below the stratum of confusion learned these latter years. This ancient, great philosophy has lasted longer here than where the whalers, traders and the men of Christ have worked since nineteenth century days. The people now have joined the church, and bowed their heads to my God, and the gods in Paris, London, and Manhattan. Even Ottawa is god-like now, a power remote but felt, a power quite unpredictable, a god that wins no faith but gets more followers, a power unknown, itself unknowing, standing with the Eskimo and whistling in the dark, and both repelled and frightened by the other's fearful breath. And through this all the spirit of these people lingers on.

At Baker Lake, their story has been sad. I know the people of Qausuiituq, across the roof of the north. I know the men of Baffin Island, the mountain kings and sea-dogs of the Arctic. I know sophisticates from Coppermine and Tuk; I love a Delta man who saw me through a time of happy life-decision, Alaskan in his speech yet Canadian to the core; I know and admire the shrewd and bright-eyed ones of Hudson Strait, the sturdy loners of Ungava, and nowhere have I known a group that called themselves the Innuit who were so quiet, repressed and spiritless as those I first met from that place inland from Hudson Bay. It was not always so—ask the early traders of the Company, or missionaries, who spent their life-times there. Across the myriad lakes and rolling hills and tufted tundra plains there used to swell such herds of caribou that men will choke when telling of them now. As far as eyes could span they walked by in migration, taking days to pass one quiet and gorging camp, their tossing antlers like the hands of every human in the world waving with delight.

The Company established there because the fur was plentiful and inland nomads ranged the awful stretches where the foxes ran, and brought the harvest readily to buy the guns and knives and flour and needles needed



Kingalik with one of his carvings.

more and more. There came the years when caribou migrations moved elsewhere: where, no one knew, and breeding cycles of the foxes reached their lowest point. Moving still as always in their tiny family groups, the people died in tiny family groups, or starved alive in abject misery. Back at the settlement, the kindly, narrow men were building, all unknowingly, something new in northern life—a class system with white men at the top, their servants next, servile but kings and go-betweens for people from the land. The servant class came from the sea or lived along the inlet reaching in from Hudson Bay to Baker Lake. Inland or coastal man, he learnt to know his place, he learnt to show no thought until the white man gave him leads to say the wanted words, and with a smile. The white men loved these people, gave their years among them happily, gave food and clothes and medications to the needy within reach in decades long before the government awoke to find a northland groaning in its need. But through the years the mark was made, the mark of caste, the understanding that the highest man of brown skin stood and lived at lower levels than the lowest white. The rationale was quite believed, sincerely offered, truly meant, that "these are children; Eskimos are simple, almost stupid souls who need our guidance, moral strength and saving grace, and so they must be firmly shown the way to think, though we are friendly always." The modern word paternalism helps express this attitude, but does not quite reflect the goodliness and keen concern that permeated all the works of those old powers. They knew each family, and with their limitations, tried to understand them, lived with them on lengthy journeys through the killing cold, and suffered with them at their deaths and shared with them their simple joys.

The new powers in the north are separated from the people more than ever were the olden powers. They are separated by a desk, a policy written in the south by southerners, and by a gulf of non-commitment to the north because "the system" comes first. Schools are set up now to give the rising generation a chance for better things, and education is the spearhead of our hopes for greater social strength in years to come. The teachers often speak no Eskimo, and many see it as an obstacle, to be denigrated always. The language carries all reality for Eskimos, and each devaluation nibbles at their pride of culture, takes away an essence of their personalities. The teachers often will not even say their names, their real names, their souls, but call them by the paper labels stamped upon them from outside their culture—Bill and Barnabas and Lizzie, Jean-Marie and Etienne and Arsène. The teachers now have greater power than parents. Because their language is devalued, much of what is said in Eskimo by parents trying still to reach their kin is barely heeded. Generations which could only find a meaning in their lives because of their relation, blending, teaching, loving, passing on and taking back the fruits of ancient wisdom are sundered now, and have learnt to doubt their lives, and lose direction, hope or purpose. I met people from Baker Lake in the tiny, monied turmoil of a little Arctic mining town who pleaded to be sent back to where they had starved, and died, but dealt with threats they knew and understood, out in the empty Barrens.

I think of little Qinnga now, whose family was brought out with several planeloads of survivors of those inland winters, to the coast, to try the new technologies, and foods and houses, smells and sounds which represented work, and money, safety, opportunity, or nothing more than sea-borne foods to win with new techniques. Regimented, and set near a host of noisy people, more than he had ever known and seen, he went through the motions with the rest, till winter found him on the fringes fearfully dodging all the row, and yearning for home while doing less and less. He rotted in his bed for months, and let his eyes sink back. A well-intentioned government man had designated him as paralyzed, a case for custodial care. He ran about his tasks a few months later, vivified by hope that understanding of his words and thoughts

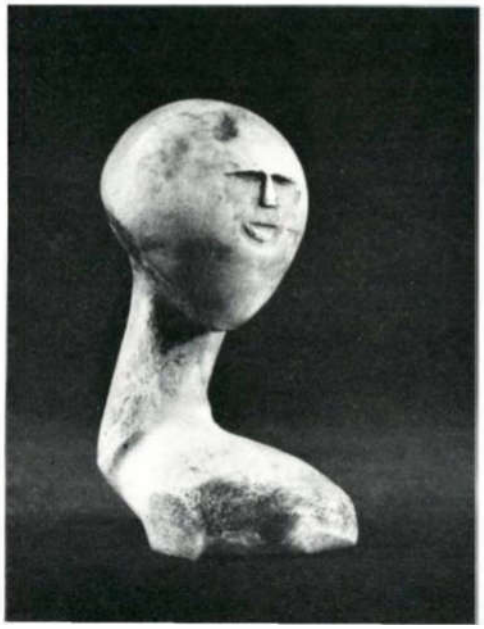
would at last result in moving him away from all the turbulence of strange humanity, and reunite him with his ancient ground. The love of ancient Eskimos for lands and views known for centuries as theirs is deeper almost than the love of kin, which transcends all ephemerals, for nothing else will last. Qinnga is back in Baker Lake, back with all the other kin that make a structure for his life more real than all the wooden walls that sheltered him at Rankin Inlet where I knew him first.

He has a bony slab-faced brother—Narjjarnil. I knew him as a boy on Baffin Island where the powers had sent his father for a crime that happened in senility. After half a decade spent in exile, kindly local policemen pressed to send the old folk home to die on native ground, but Narjjarnil went straight to sanatorium, and there he lay for seven more years. He had grown to love that tranquil, rich, and gentle place in Baffin Land. He had quickly lost the dialect the old ones spoke, and learnt the sing-song of the sea-kings. The years in hospital entrenched the English language in his mind as deeply as the ancestral tongue. Remoter then, than any other influence, were memories of Baker Lake. His body had been riddled with TB and doctors said he should be cared for very specially, with southern-standard shelter and rich diet, facilities not available at Baker Lake. Four years ago he left the hospital, and went to Baker Lake. There was no question in his mind. He had this one objective. Still he is there, and showing strengths that no one dreamed he had.

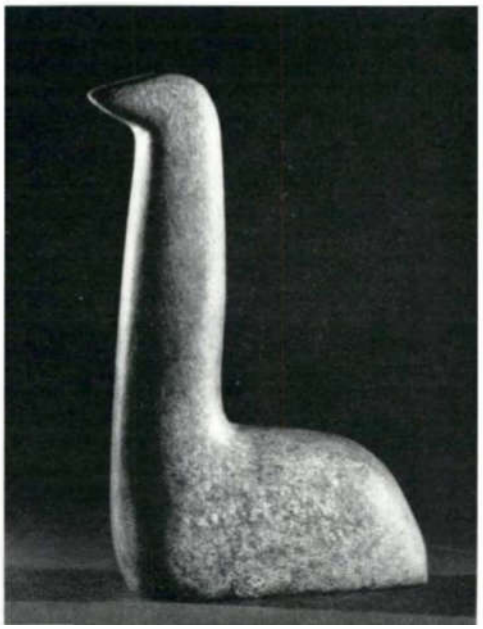
Makpa came to me one day, the spread of hair upon his shoulders rimed with frost. He had come from deep inland where he had been walking, lacking dogs, hunting all alone for twenty days. He had been brought to the coast, but every frequent journey that he took alone, the winter long, had set his back against the sea. His smile did not ingratiate. It spoke a man who knew his worth and prided in his strengths. But he needed the rise of the familiar hill, named forever in the ancient past. He needed the known wind crying through the endless plains that fell in patterns made predictable by all his lifelong wandering. The crone he called his mother groaned beside a distant lake to hear his voice again. He and his family were among the first to go when the authorities agreed to take them back to Baker Lake.

The name of Qanaju, invokes a soul of special strength. The minds and bodies animated by this Qanaju are bright and powerful. At Rankin Inlet Qanaju is young and handsome, consummately capable at anything he does, a quiet, determined man. At Baker Lake strong Qanaju is old and wispy-bearded, a keen-eyed, laughing leader with a will of iron. Five winters now have passed since illness nearly killed him and his wrinkled wife, and they were flown to Churchill just in time. They stopped in Rankin, coming home, to visit with their son, a thin survivor of the inland camps, but later could not get the help they needed for the further flight. When many months had gone, Qanaju decided he would walk across the tundra, old and sickly though he was. Two hundred miles or more lay in the way, with hopes of game to live on very much in doubt. He got his way. The Mounties flew them back to Baker Lake, the family as a group. The word that reached us later brought a smile. The old man seemed to take off years. His voice regained its strength. Though old, his leadership became an asset in the new community, new because it ceased these several years to be merely a trading post to which the people came. A larger number of people live there all the time. The land around has far too little game to keep them all and more and more the answer was relief, the easiest payment of our social debt to people long neglected. Nothing sooner or more deeply rots the moral fibre of the best, and few had lived more sturdily than these good tundra folk, but desperately as the local powers had tried to find alternatives, the dole seemed still the only certain help.

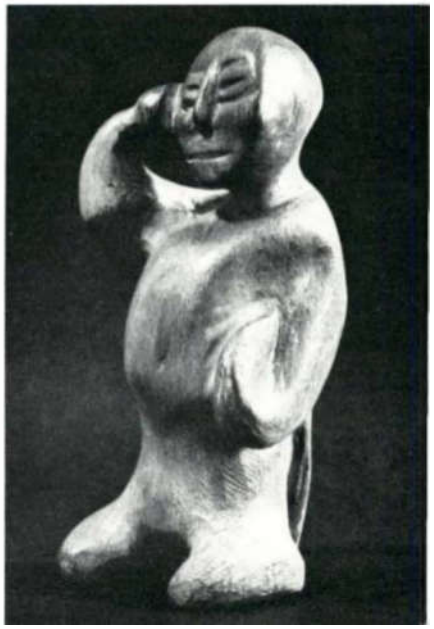
BY KALLOAR



BY ERKOOLIK



BY QAVIK



BY MAKPA
(*who is seen at right*)

BY NEOOKTOOK

BY TITTAK

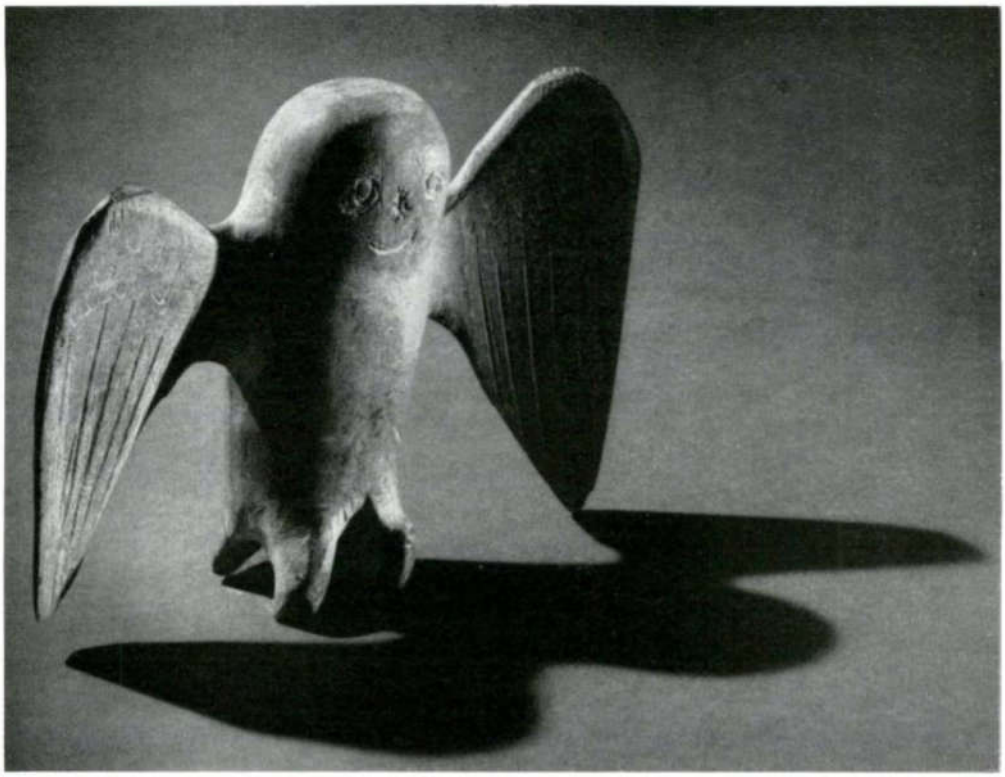
The answer lay within the culture, bedded there below repressions, fears and prejudices. The people's strength, imagination, reach of intellect and dynamism was distilled, and finally they spoke, though voiceless, through their living stone.

Government—faceless, mindless—is a thing very easy to despise, but in its ranks are people who are public servants in the finest sense, and some of them have helped the north with dedication, sensitivity and love. One such man from Ottawa began by his encouragement, the renaissance that now is starting in the inland Barren Lands. Another man, an artist from France, helped the people break their bonds, giving practical assistance and rejoicing in the flood they made.

The people had all along that feel for beauty, shape and surging line, that power to tell the world excitingly of how they see themselves, their land and what it means to them. The thought that they were even needed, liked, appreciated for their culture and their potential to express it came to them first from the people themselves, from the dispersed ones writing home or returning from other northern places. The renaissance had its roots in Rankin, Whale Cove, Repulse Bay; some of the finest carvers came from Eskimo Point, or from the remnants of the Ahiamiut, the furthest lost of all, deep in the Barrens where they died in groups until half a dozen years ago. The little clutch of souls that managed not to die at Garry Lake, the nomads of the northern hinterland of cold Keewatin, have made a name for their distinctive styles. The most accomplished, Angutitua, carves animals with leaping, sweeping power and liveliness, arrogant and lovely. His detailed works of people always live, they do not strike a pose; they are intimate and very often humorous, and autobiographical. A quiet-toned and humble man his carvings speak his strengths. They show through too, in nights of talk, when he and I, maybe with another friend or two, sit at home, smoking in my study, yarning of the years gone by. He is getting old, and illness, hardship, tragedy have all been part of life for him, but still that vein of humour twinkles on. He listens while another wit reaches forth his thoughts with carefully chosen words, his speech a solemn series of slow drops of crystal wisdom, splashing stimulating on our dusty brains, watching as the ash curves on the speaker's cigarette to mark the measured length of his discourse, and ending all that's said with a quip of his own.

The real wag of that northern group is old and rheumy-eyed and crumble-toothed. He dodders when he walks, he is deaf, he stutters as he talks and sprays the air, grinning ear-to-ear; and when he is not out hunting, trapping, fishing, or flirting he produces the liveliest, happiest carvings I have seen. His name is Qaviq, and he only recently began to carve. Few so old are quite so active, and now I know he is immortal.

A smaller, sadder man, a neighbour and a friend of mine, and now an aging, sickly frame racked with coughs and creaking on a broken hip, is thought by some to be the greatest of them all. Tittak comes from Padlei stock; he grew up on the south Keewatin plain and came from Eskimo Point to Rankin in the latter hungry years. A

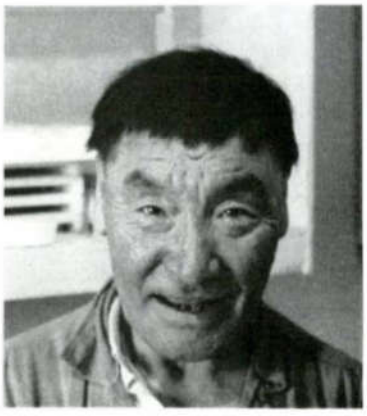


BY TALERIKTOK

timid man, he still worked labouring for the nickel mine until a fall of timbers crushed him seriously. His young are very bright, alert of eye and quick to act. His wife is calm and slow spoken. She is strong and firm and cannot hide her deep intelligence. Tittak is an artist in his bones. His sensitivity is rare, too keen to keep emotions in control as firmly as his people do. In happy times, when people came together with a drum to thrall the cadence of their singing, Tittak's artistry was there to see. His mother lived and ruled in Tittak's home, an ancient curve of tiny bones, living on beyond the normal span by many years. He loved her and revered her. Three winters past, he came in early one morning. His face was masked and rigid with emotion. He took me to a quiet seat, and stricken, said: "I come to weep with you." And weep he did. He had found his mother dead that morning. She died as quietly as she had lived. He had wanted from her desperately a dying word, and she had left him none. He saw no shame in tears. Tittak is an honest man, and simple, strong in feeling. Now he carves (I urged him to begin) and few who work in stone in all the world can claim such purity, such quiet strength, such cool and lovely lines, such simple, straight humanity.

I have hinted at a tiny part of Eskimo philosophy, that sees creation as an everlasting, integrated system joining every person in an endless cycle, with soul replacing soul but never lost, participating always with the daily life on earth, a system which explains the world, maximizes thought and kinship, language and the human role—all on a cosmic scale.

The spirit of the northern people is a stronger power than death and hunger which, so far, has outlived the narrow thinking of the whites. I have told of failing pride, of hunger and of changes that have come. All these changes are not bad and, isolation gone, changes there must be. (The people are not starving now, and who believes they should?) And these powers of change, which rule from far and mute the northern voices yet, have even so enriched mankind by helping Eskimos to speak their culture through their living stone. ◆

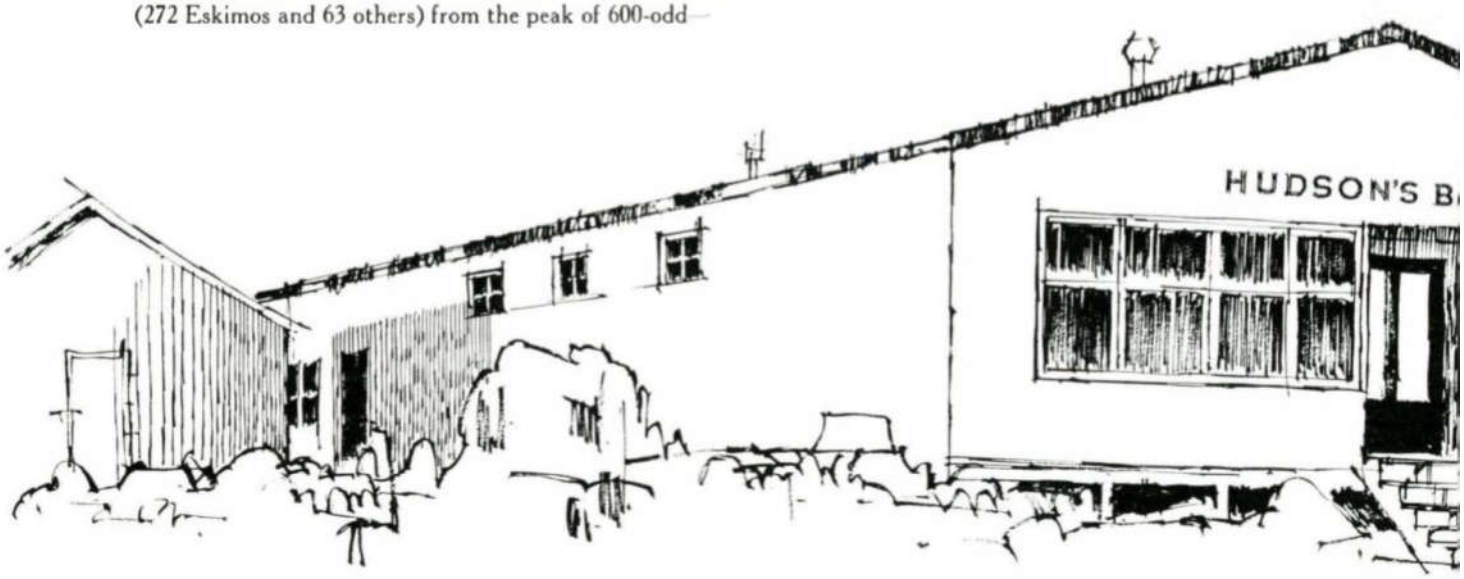


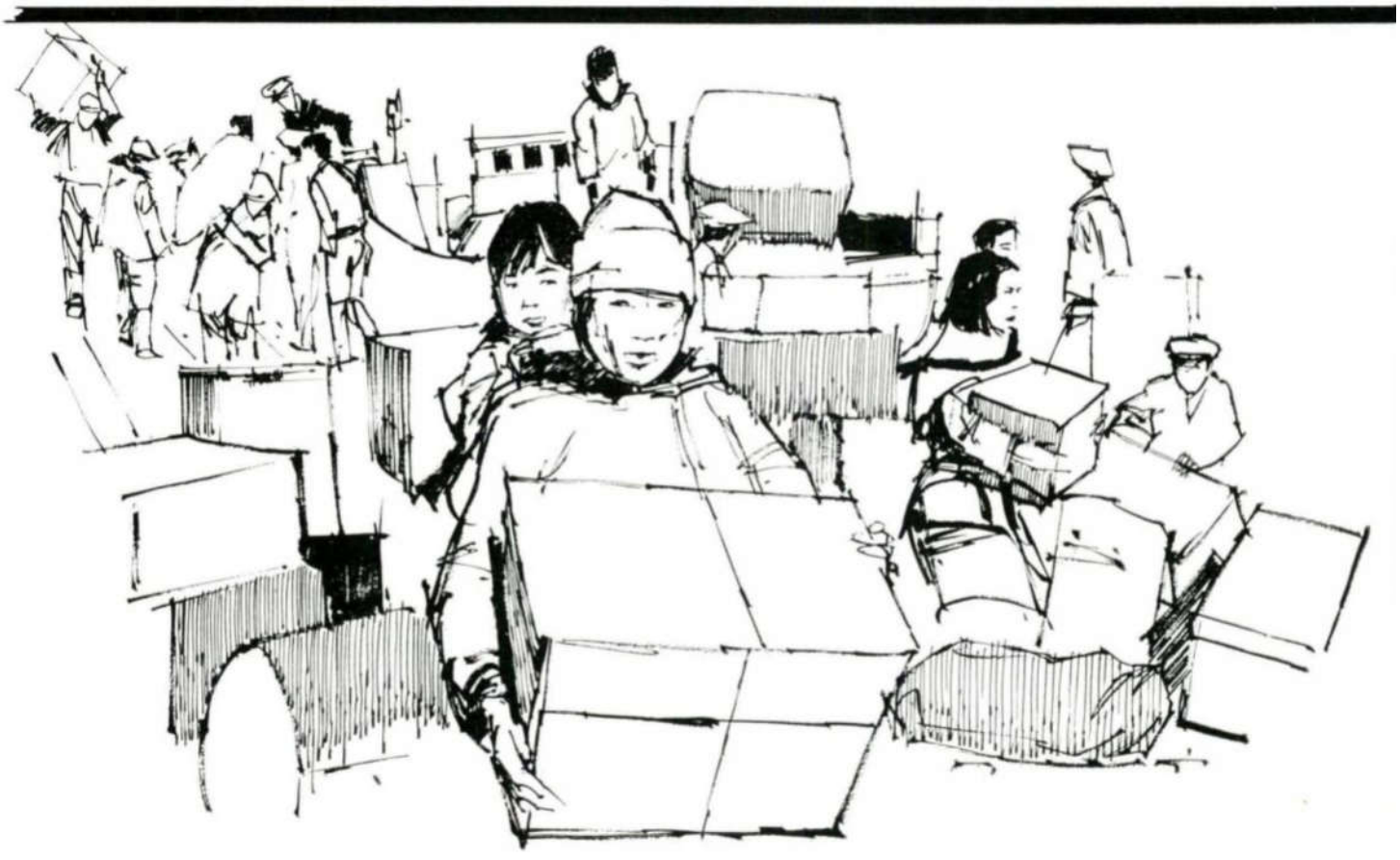
BY QAVIK
Back and front view of the triumphant hunter by the carver who is shown at left.

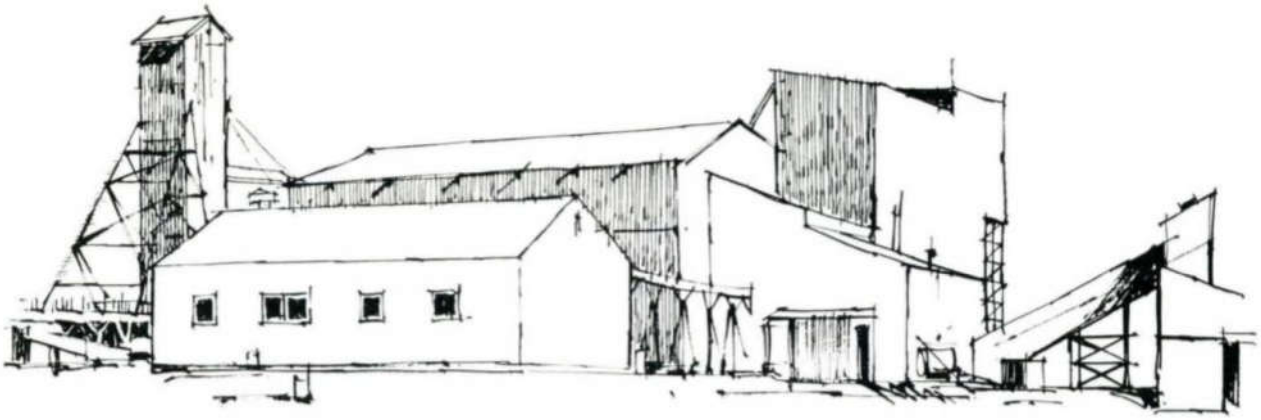
RANKIN INLET

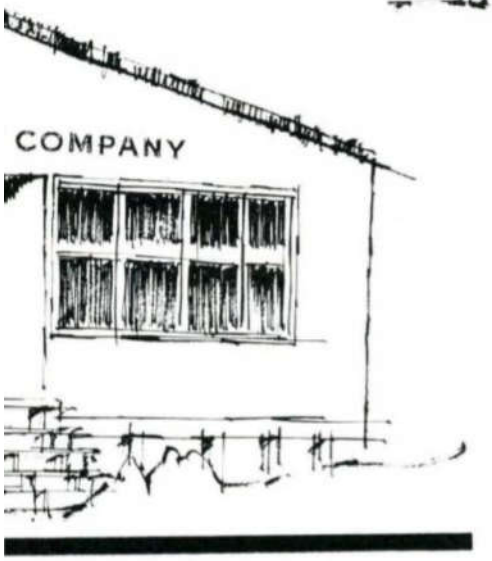
Rankin Inlet is an Arctic ghost town that refuses to die. The mine is shut and its cluster of buildings stands abandoned. The nickel production "bubble" has burst, as indeed it was known it would, once the deposits of high-grade ore were depleted.

But there are still people there—altogether about 335 (272 Eskimos and 63 others) from the peak of 600-odd—and there is still an air of activity in this settlement on the Western rim of Hudson Bay. The number of school teachers and other government officials there has actually increased in the last few years and even though the staff has been reduced at the trim Hudson's Bay Company Northern Store, it remains a busy focal point in the community.



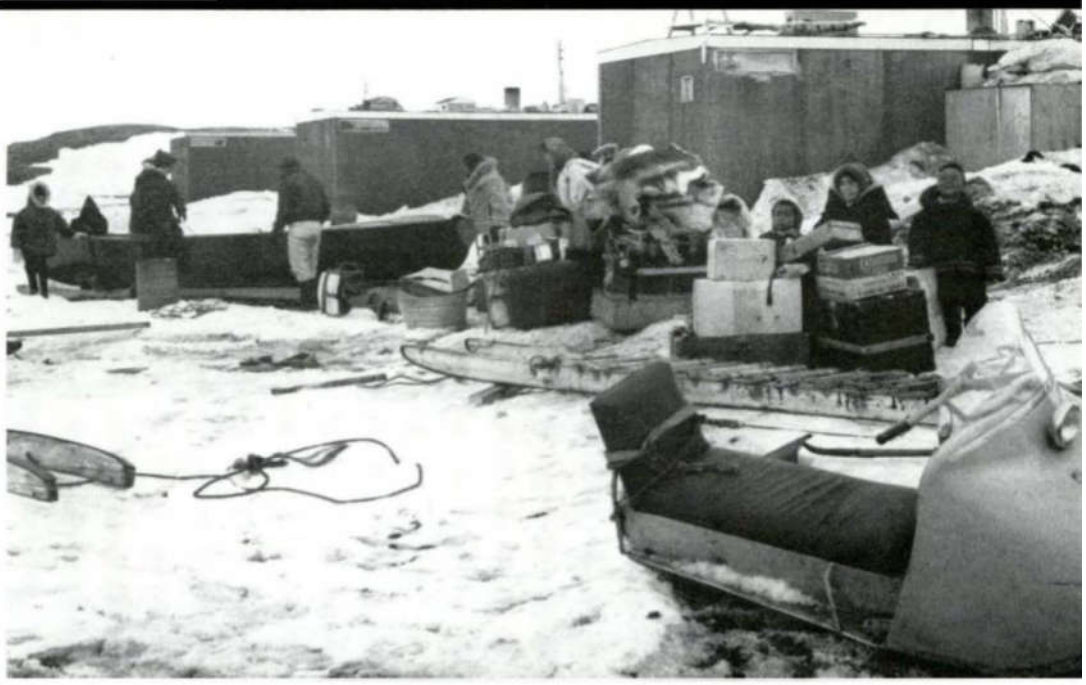






BY BARBARA KILVERT

editor of the H B C staff paper "Bay News" who gained these impressions on a visit to Rankin Inlet earlier this year.



Varied transport by Eskimo houses at Rankin; a boat on a sled, empty sled, and motor toboggan, with a mass of baggage including a pile of caribou skins.
PHOTOS BY GEORGE SWINTON

The North Rankin Nickel Mine went into production in 1957; closed in 1962. Government officials, even before the closure, recognized the problem of the area which has limited natural resources—not enough to sustain the population in the immediate vicinity.

An economic survey of Keewatin was made, projects suggested, relocation schemes studied. Welfare assistance became imperative but now, in 1965, a visitor can sense a growing optimism among its inhabitants, both Eskimo and white. The general consensus of opinion: the Government is trying every feasible plan to provide money-earning and morale-building projects for the people of this barren land. Welfare payments have been cut dramatically as the new enterprises gain momentum.

With G. L. Thompson as area administrator of the Department of Northern Affairs and Ron Milligan as projects officer, one of the newer schemes has been the development of the handicraft program under Claude Grenier. In the old mine bunk house, aside from the engineering office, the mess hall for single men, the hospital and the recreation hall for the community, there is space for a sculpture room, a ceramics room, a sewing area and other handicraft sections.

About eighty of the local Eskimos are enrolled in the program, and receive payment every week for the work they have done. Women sew duffel mitts, socks, parkas, slippers and other items, most of which are made up in their homes where they can carry on their normal domestic duties.

The men do soapstone carving and make artifacts from antlers, bone or ivory. Newest project, and Mr Grenier's specialty, is in the field of ceramics. One small kiln is now available and another larger one is promised. Although this is a new departure for Eskimo craftsmen, with the introduction of an unfamiliar material, the pottery birds, heads and figures (not on the market as yet) can still be considered as valid Eskimo expression.

The latest plan for this area involves the possibility of a limited tourist industry. According to Mr Milligan, accommodation could be found for about thirty sportsmen a week who might spend part of the time in Rankin Inlet and part at Baker Lake, sealing and fishing. This would help the economy through the payment of guides and rental of sports equipment, increase of local handicraft sales and other allied items.

In an effort to disperse some of the population, eleven houses have been moved from Rankin Inlet 120 miles north to Daly Bay and these now furnish accommodation for workers who are starting production on canned arctic char. Some of the other former mine employees have gone 55 miles south to Whale Cove where a government-sponsored whale meat canning plant has been set up.

Attractively labelled 20-ounce cans of this white whale (beluga) product—muktuk sausage, whale muktuk, and whale meatballs—sell for 49 to 65 cents in the well-stocked self serve grocery section of the H B C store, and according to the manager, Gordon Harkness, there is a heavy demand for the commodity.

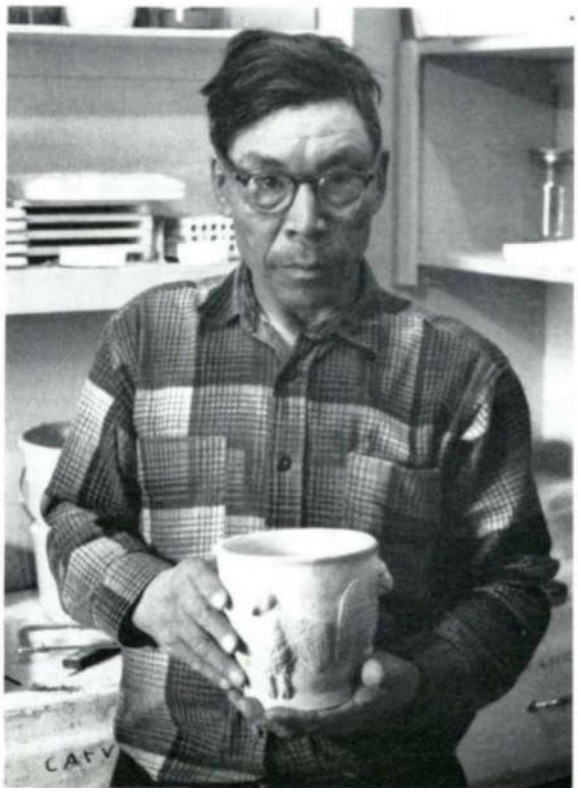
People seem to eat well in Rankin and, on the whole, appear well dressed—especially the children, as most of each month's family allowance is laid out for special clothing and food for the typically indulged Eskimo youngsters. And there is always a little left for a treat. The newest craze is for the grinning children, in their peaked parkas, to sport tiny black plastic Charlie Chaplin moustaches.

The store offers a wide range of merchandise that combines a selection of both "traditional" and "new-fangled" items: light bulbs and oil lamps, traps and electric fans, embroidery beads and Barbra Streisand

records, washboards and electric washing machines, fruit-flavoured lipstick and sled steels. One can choose the "luxury" foods: TV dinners, peanut butter, imported cookies, olives and canned shrimp, or the more important staples: baby food, lard, tea, flour, pilot biscuits.

Even hair colouring products are available and at least one local inhabitant has tried them out. Annie, a young Eskimo girl, seems to have been swayed by the advertising claim that "blondes have all the fun". Her new and glittering peroxide coiffure is set off by the addition of harlequin sunglasses and a costume that consists of a short cotton dress, patterned leotards and the more traditional sheepskin kamiks (soft boots) and Eastern-Arctic-style parka—in which she carries her brunette, liquorice-eyed infant.

Motorized toboggans are popular purchases even though the initial outlay is heavy—$775—and in front of the store, in an improvised and snow-banked "parking lot", as many as half a dozen of these may be seen at a time. The once-familiar dog team is rapidly becoming a thing of the past in the Arctic as the Eskimos find the ski-equipped machines faster and, in the long run, cheaper to operate. As a sign of the changing times, the rutted village trail now boasts a traffic warning: Speed Limit 15 Miles Per Hour.



The people of the settlement enjoy certain creature comforts that are still not evident in all Northern communities; some, such as regular mail service and shipments of frozen fresh meat, are made available because of the weekly commercial air flights.

Residents send telegrams "outside" by means of the store manager's three daily "skeds" to Churchill. They attend regular meetings of the Rankin Community Association; find the 50-cent ticket money for the twice-a-week movies held in the recreation hall and happily use the free shower and washing machine facilities in the new community bath house. (Although the people of Rankin live in permanent wooden houses, there is no plumbing in the Eskimo Village.)

So although the mine stands deserted—a mute reminder of high-living times—life continues at Rankin Inlet, and at a reasonably brisk pace.

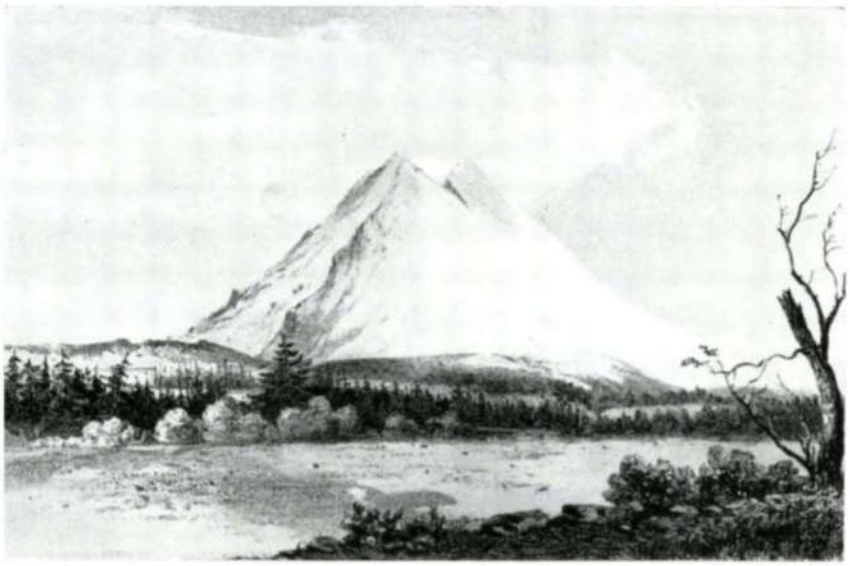
Any of the old-timers will tell you: "We always knew the mine would produce for only a certain period but nevertheless it was not possible to prepare the Eskimos psychologically for the completion of operations. They had been trained in new work. They had adjusted to a new way of life with good wages. They had come from various other centres to live here. And it was a shock to them to have the mine close, the payroll cease.

"A few trained workers went on to the mines at Deception Bay, at Lynn Lake in Northern Manitoba, and at Yellowknife. But the majority stayed in the area. Some trappers went back 'on the land' at Chesterfield Inlet and Repulse Bay, Whale Cove and Southampton Island.

"But there is not enough game to support everyone. The only answer must be to develop new ways for the people to earn money. We all know welfare assistance is not the answer. It's demoralizing. There are stipulated amounts for groceries, for fuel, for clothing. There is no freedom of choice of purchase.

"It's good now to see such things as the handicraft project begin to pay off, and in fine round figures too. Go into the Hudson's Bay store any Friday morning, after the DNA people have made the weekly payment to the handicraft workers. You'll see the Eskimos lined up to cash their cheques. It's *their* money. They've worked for it. They can and do spend it as they wish. And with pride." ◆

In the handicraft centre a girl sews, with baby safely out of mischief on her back, and Angutitua, an accomplished carver who came from Garry Lake (he is mentioned on page 11), turns his hand to pottery making.



Mount Rainier, from a sketch made in the region of Fort Nisqually in 1853.

Opposite: Today the Nisqually prairie is well populated. This view is over part of Tacoma to Mount Rainier and the Cascade Range.

ROUTE TO MOUNT RAINIER

An attempt to retrace the path of Dr William Fraser Tolmie

BY WILLIAM J. BETTS

OLD FORT NISQUALLY, the Hudson's Bay Company post on the upper Puget Sound in the state of Washington, has left a long and colourful chapter in the history of the Pacific Northwest. Dr William Fraser Tolmie contributed much to that history. The twenty-one-year-old Scottish physician and surgeon arrived in Fort Vancouver in May 1833 to serve the Hudson's Bay Company as medical officer and clerk. A few days after his arrival he went to Nisqually where a Company post was being established and his visit was prolonged until the end of the year. Some ten years later, now Chief Trader, he returned as superintendent in charge of the Nisqually farms, his appointment for the next sixteen years until he moved to Victoria. During his first period at Nisqually House the young doctor made a memorable trip to Mount Rainier.

Dr Tolmie was the first white man to approach the majestic cone that loomed beyond the Nisqually Plains. He was the first to botanize the area of the Cascades on the western approaches to Mount Rainier. At least two of the plants he collected were new to science.

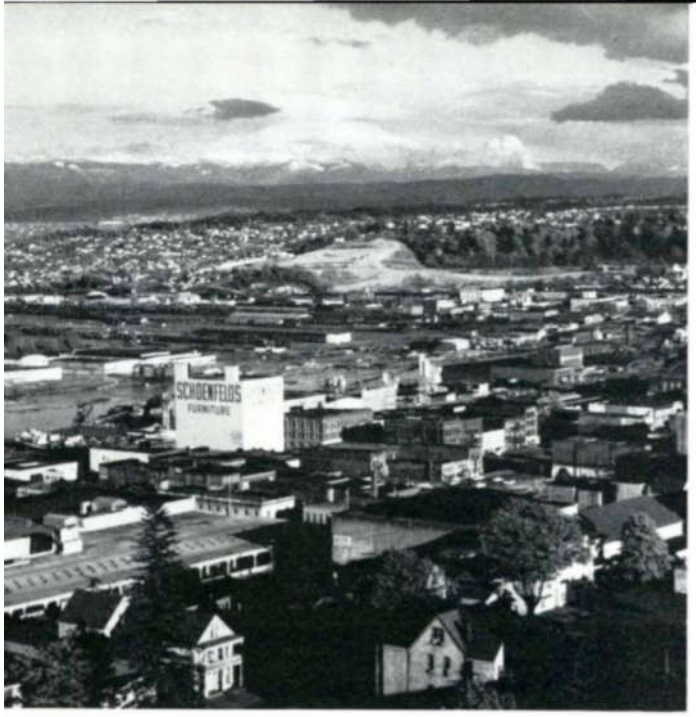
What does the country that Dr Tolmie travelled through to reach Mount Rainier look like today? Of course there have been vast changes and we might have difficulty in finding some of the landmarks that Dr Tolmie saw on that historic trek, still it might be possible to trace his route by reading his diary and trying to recognize the places he describes.

The old landmarks on the prairie are long since gone or so radically changed as to be unrecognizable. The site of Fort Nisqually, from which Dr Tolmie started on his trip to Mount Rainier, is today occupied by the DuPont Powder Works. (The two surviving old buildings were moved in the 1930s and the rest of the Fort reconstructed at Fort Defiance Park in Tacoma, Washington.)

In the one hundred and thirty odd years since Dr Tolmie knew the Nisqually prairie it has grown up to Douglas fir in many areas. In Dr Tolmie's time, and before, the grasslands were burnt annually by the Indians to produce greater yields of grass. This also had a tendency to kill any Douglas fir seedlings that had begun to grow on the prairie. When this practice was discontinued as white farmers began to settle in the area the Douglas fir encroached upon the grasslands.

In Dr Tolmie's diary for 27 August 1833 we read that he obtained the consent of Chief Trader Francis Heron to make a botanizing excursion to Mount Rainier for which he was allowed ten days. The young doctor was

Mr Betts is a free-lance writer living in Tacoma, Washington. Photographs not otherwise credited are by him.



deeply interested in the growing plants of the region, not only because he was a physician wishing to find medicinal herbs but also because he desired to secure specimens for the horticultural societies in Britain. With this in mind he engaged the services, in exchange for a blanket, of an Indian called Lachalet to act as guide, as well as the use of three horses.

"August 28: A tremendous thunder storm occurred last night succeeded by torrents of rain" wrote Tolmie. "No horses appeared. Understand that the mountain is four days journey distant, the first of which can only be performed on horseback. If they do not appear tomorrow, I shall start with Lachalet on foot."

The journey that would take four days on horseback and afoot could be travelled in a matter of a few hours by automobile today. Super-highways, as well as lesser roads, lace the countryside in a network of concrete and black-top.

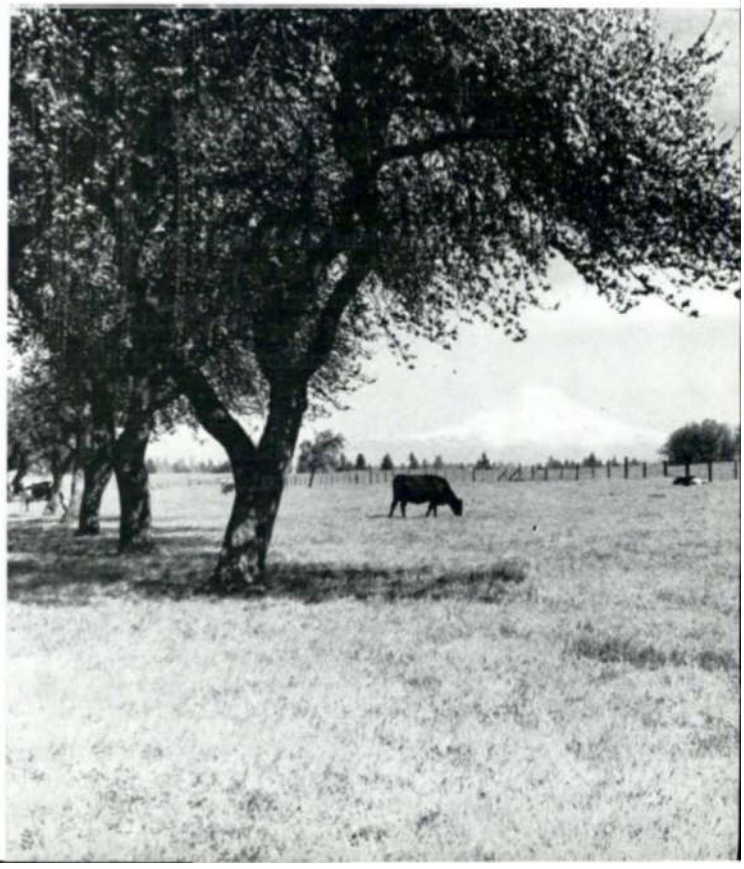
The highways are a few of the many changes that have taken place since Dr Tolmie's time yet there is still one landmark, so clearly visible to the young scientist, that has changed very little since that day in August when he started on his plant collecting expedition—Mount Rainier itself. The mountain, a nearly perfect snow crowned cone, sometimes mist enshrouded, sometimes clear as blue ice, its base embedded in deep purpled hills, is the same volcanic landmark named by Captain Vancouver in 1792 after his friend Rear Admiral Rainier.

"August 29: Prairie 8 miles N of House. Sunset. . . . Busied in making arrangements for journey & while thus occupied the guide arrived with 3 horses. Started about 3—mounted on a strong iron grey stallion—my companions disposing themselves on the other two horses—except one who walked. We are 6 in number" ran Tolmie's diary.

In Dr Tolmie's day, the prairie was lush with grass, providing forage for the horses, sheep and cattle of Nisqually as well as the herds of wapiti and deer. This was the land traditionally claimed by the Nisqually Indians, for they had not as yet been forced to live on confining reservations; that would come later when the American farmers coveted the grasslands. In 1833 there were no farms with their confining fences that enclosed patches of prairie land. It was primitive and free and wonderful.

Today a great portion of what was once the Nisqually Prairie is fenced off as a military reservation. McChord Air Force Base and Fort Lewis sprawl over many hundreds of acres, much of it the old prairie country that Dr Tolmie knew. We may still find here and there, little remnant prairies which help to remind us what the countryside looked like in the 1830s. The general appearance is much the same except for the addition of a plant that was not present at the time of Dr Tolmie's trip to the mountain. The good doctor, however, was quite familiar with this plant, *Cytisus scoparius*, commonly called Scotch broom. Imported from Scotland, it thrived in the climate and soil of the Northwest. Over the years it escaped the cultivated garden and spread across the surrounding country, sometimes cursed by cattlemen, loved by the naturalist, bringing masses of butter-gold to sombre fields when its pea-like flowers blossomed in the spring.

Dr Tolmie's deep interest in botany may have led him to import the seed of the broom, as well as other plants,



The country near Parkland. This may have been the area where Tolmie visited Nuckalkat's father.

Nisqually River flats not far from Nisqually House would be well known to Tolmie. In the autumn they teemed with waterfowl.

One of the small ponds such as Tolmie saw covered with water lilies.

from his native Scotland but it is probable that it was brought to the coast before his arrival.

When Dr Tolmie mentions in his diary that he was some eight miles north of Nisqually House it is difficult to locate his position on a modern map. Eight miles north of the old Fort would put him in Puget Sound or possibly where Tacoma is today. Actually he was perhaps more to the east, about where the little community of Parkland is now. This would also put him in the land of the Puyallup Indians and since one of his companions, Nuckalkat (perhaps all of them), was from this tribe, the chances are that he was in the north-northeast reaches of the Nisqually prairie. At this point, also, he would be comparatively close to the Puyallup River, which course he followed to reach the mountain.

Later on the 29th he writes, "Cantered slowly along the prairie & are now at the residence of Nuckalkat's father, under the shade of a lofty pine in a grassy amphitheatre beautifully interspersed and surrounded with Oaks & through the gaps in the birch we see the broad plain extending southwards to Nusqually—In a hollow immediately behind is almost one sheet of water lillies about to flower. Have supped on Sallal & at dusk shall turn in." This would help substantiate the assumption that he was in the Parkland area for two reasons: first, there are many small ponds or lakes in the vicinity and, second, there are large Garry oaks in remnants of prairie.

An item of interest here is Dr Tolmie's reference to having "supped on sallal." The fruit of the salal, *Gaultheria shallon*, was one of the favourite foods of the Northwest Coast Indians. The berries grow in great profusion on this evergreen shrub and are a dark purple or black and sweet. The Indians gathered these berries in large quantities and made a syrup from them as well as drying them in cakes. Sometimes oil as well as dried meat was added, similar to the pemmican of the north. It was probably the dried cakes of salal, furnished by one of his Indian companions, that Dr Tolmie supped on.

"August 30: Sandy beach of the Poyallipa [*sic*] River. Slept ill last night & as I dosed in the mg. was aroused by a stroke across the thigh from a large decayed branch which fell from the pine overshadowing us. . . . Got up about dawn & finding thigh stiff & painful thought a stop was put to journey, but after moving about, it felt easier. Started about sunrise, I mounted on a spirited brown mare & the rest on passable Animals, except Nuckalkat, who bestrode a foal. Made a northeasterly course thro' prairie. Breakfasted at a small marsh on Bread, Sallal, Dried Cockles [clams] & a small piece of Chevreuil [deer meat] saved from last night's repast of my companions."

The sandy beach of the "Poyallipa" could have been almost anywhere along the river as we have no way of actually pinpointing the exact area of Dr Tolmie's camp where he was so painfully awakened by the falling branch. No doubt the place on the river he mentions in his diary, is due east of Parkland. Later he writes, ". . . ascended & descended at different times several steep banks & passed through dense & tangled thickets, occasionally coming on a prairion—the soil throughout was of the same nature as that of Nusqually. After descending a very steep bank, came to the Poyallip—Lashima carried baggage across on his head. Rose on the opposite side through a rich alluvial plain 3 or 4 miles in length & $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 in breadth." This seems to describe the rich farming area near the little town of Orting.

"The Poyallip flows rapidly" he writes—"is about 10 or 12 yards broad. Its banks are high & covered with lofty cedars & pines—the water is of a dirty white colour, being impregnated with white Clay. Lachalet has tonight been trying to dissuade me from going to the snow on the mountain."

From Dr Tolmie's statement that the Puyallup River was not over thirty-six feet wide at the point they crossed over it would seem that they had travelled well up the water course into the foothills of the Cascade Mountains. The white clay that he mentions, is what we call glacier flour, the fine pulverized particles of rock found suspended in most glacial streams.

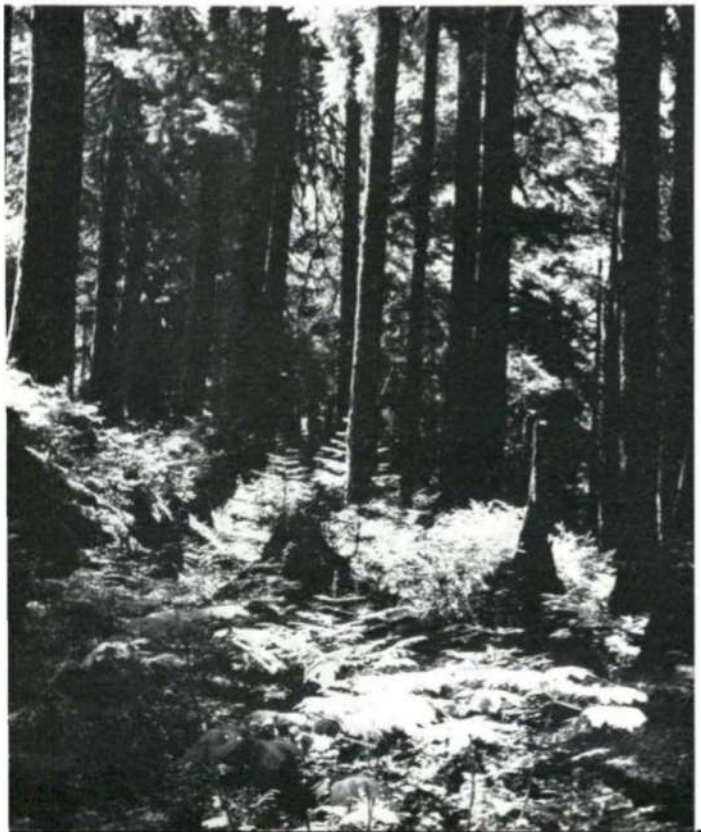
Dr Tolmie and his Indian companions, having left the horses at their last camp, now walked through heavily forested hills as they approached ever closer to Mount Rainier. Cedar, Douglas fir and hemlock grew densely along the river banks.

Most of this great forest has long since been sacrificed to the logger's axe and has been replaced by second growth. We may still compare the forest that Dr Tolmie traversed if we visit Mount Rainier National Park, where much of the primitive growth still stands.

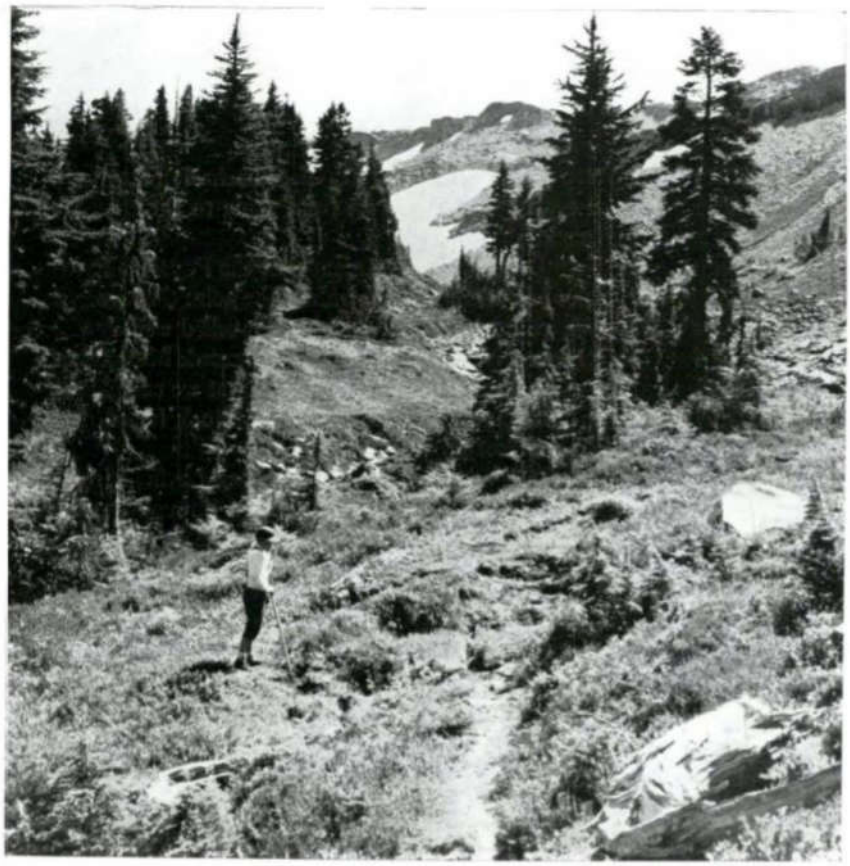
Unfortunately much of Dr Tolmie's trip to Mount Rainier was spoilt by rain. He mentions the fact in several places in his diary. "Sunday, September 1," he wrote, "Bank of Poyallip River. It has rained all night & is now 6 a m pouring down—are a good deal sheltered by the trees." And again, on the 3rd: "Woody islet on Poyallip. It rained heavily during night but about dawn, the wind, shifting to N.E. dispersed the clouds & frost set in."

For three days Dr Tolmie and his Indian companions lived in the rain. The wetness of the forest was no bother to the Indians as much of their time was spent out-of-doors and since the Northwest Coast had then, as now, an abundant rainfall they took the rain as a part of normal living. Leaves dripped an endless stream of water and nights were spent in water-soaked camps. A man of less determined will would have turned back from the wet world of the forest and returned to the warmth and comfort of a blazing fire at Nisqually House. The doctor, however, did not even think about turning back. Wrapped in a green blanket which he later exchanged for a much-worn but more convenient capot, he trudged on, observing as he went. He made no complaint and kept up with the Indians though he admitted "Find myself very inferior to my companions in the power of enduring fatigue—their pace is a smart trot which soon obliges me to rest." At last he reached the mountain heights.

"September 2: Summit of a snowy peak immediately under Rainier. . . . Ascended river for 3 miles to where it was shut in by amphitheatre of Mountains & could be seen bounding over a lofty precipice above. Ascended



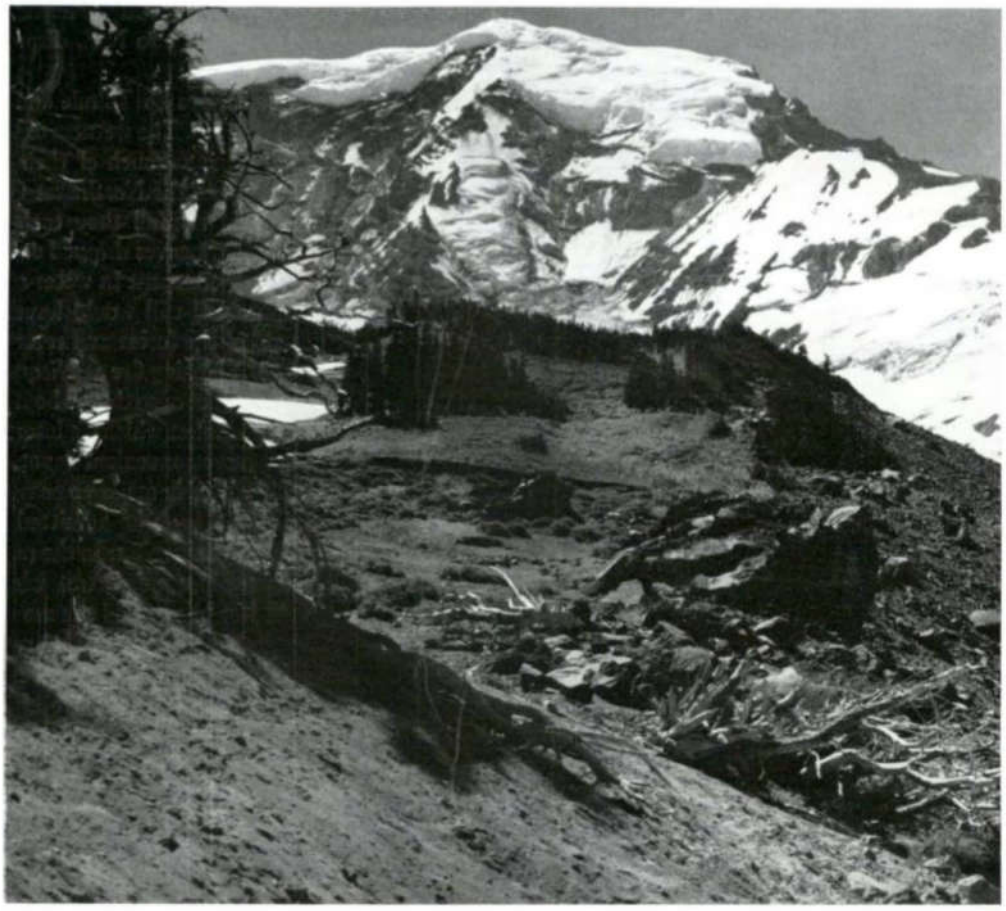
Early morning in the deep forest on the slopes of the Cascades.

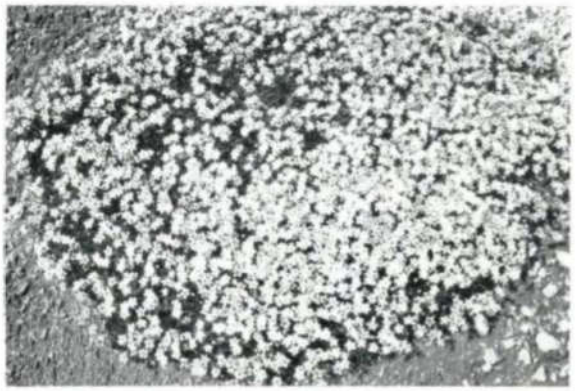


Looking towards Tolmie Peak. Patches of snow linger on the rocky hillsides.

Opposite: A clump of Tolmie's saxifrage, one of the plants collected on the expedition. ASAHEL CURTIS PHOTO WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Below: The side of Mount Rainier seen by Dr Tolmie from his peak, looking towards the Willis Wall.





that which showed most snow. Our track lay at first through a dense wood of pine but we afterwards emerged into an exuberantly verdant gully closed on each side by lofty precipices. Followed gully to near the summit & found excellent berries [these were mountain blueberries] in abundance. It contained very few alpine plants. Afterwards came to a grassy mound, where the sight of several decayed trees induced us to encamp. After tea I set out with Lachalet and Nuckalkat for the summit which was ancle deep with snow for ¼ mile downwards. The summit terminated in abrupt precipice direct Nwards & bearing NE from Mt Rainier, the adjoining peak. The mists were at times very dense, but a puff of SW wind occasionally dispelled them. On the S. side of Poyallip is a range of snow dappled mountains & they as well as that on the N side terminate in Mt. Rainier a short distance to E. Collected a vasculum of plants at the snow & have examined & packed them—shall turn in."

The following day Dr Tolmie again climbed the peak, rewarded this time by a clear sunny morning after a rainy night in camp where he "lay shivering all night." As he described it: "At sunrise, accompanied by Quilliash, went to the summit & found the tempr. of the air 33°—the snow was spangled & sparkled brightly in the bright sunshine. It was crisp & only yielded a couple of inches to the pressure of the foot in walking. Mt Rainier appeared surpassingly splendid & magnificent. It bore, from the peak on which I stood, SS.E & was separated from it only by a narrow glen whose sides however were formed by inaccessible precipices."

It is evident, looking at a modern map, that Dr Tolmie following a tributary of the Puyallup, the Mowich River. This would bring him to the northwestern corner of what is now Mount Rainier National Park. The peak that he describes so accurately in his diary, now bears his name, Tolmie Peak, named for him by Professor Willis some forty years after that first ascent.

Tolmie Peak is well off the beaten path today. It is as primitive in the age of jets and rockets as the day Dr Tolmie climbed to its summit. There is a fire lookout station about a mile east of the summit where a ranger stands fire guard during the hot, dry summer months. Mowich Lake lies to the south-southeast, about a mile and a half away. The great ice fields of the Carbon and Mowich glaciers are visible as well as the huge cirque at their heads. This is the amphitheatre that Dr Tolmie mentions in his diary: here the rugged Willis Wall rises in a sheer, perpendicular cliff for a thousand feet or more. Above it is the snow covered summit of Mount Rainier, 14,400 feet high.

Throughout the expedition Dr Tolmie collected plant specimens. In the dark forest, shadowed by the tall trees, there were few plant species to collect; here grew the mosses, ferns and liverworts and the few flowering plants tolerant to the shade. Dr Tolmie hoped to have better success when he reached higher elevation but as he records there were abundant berries but very few alpine plants to collect. Many of the flowering plants had bloomed and died in the short growing season of the mountains.

If we look at the accomplishments of his collecting we may immediately see the importance of his expedition. He was the first to collect the plant which now bears his name, *Saxifraga tolmaei*, the Tolmie saxifrage of the high alpine rocks. Another first was the plant with the awesome name of *Pedicularis ornithorhyncha*, commonly called elephant's trunk. Other plants were first described from plants collected on Dr Tolmie's expedition as well; some of them were, *Pedicularis contorta*, contorted lousewort; *Gentiana calycosa*, blue gentian, a beautiful flower growing in the moist alpine meadows of Mount Rainier; *Heuchera micrantha*, alum root. He also secured skins of birds.

Today one may drive to the Mowich Lake entrance to the park over roads open in the summertime only. On 2 September 1933, the one hundredth anniversary of Dr Tolmie's visit to this section of the park, a son of the Chief Factor, Dr Simon Fraser Tolmie, who was then the premier of British Columbia, with others of the family joined the Rainier National Park Advisory Board in the dedication of the Mowich Lake Entrance commemorating the first exploration.

If Dr Tolmie could come back for a visit to the Puget Sound country today he would be amazed at the tremendous changes that the intervening years have made. Some of them he would most certainly disapprove of, others would get his hearty support. As a scientist and lover of nature he would have certainly given his entire approval to the preservation of the area, a portion of which he travelled through in 1833, that today comprises Mount Rainier National Park. ◆

BY W. A. McKAY

Part II

the story of
THE CANADIAN FUR TRADE

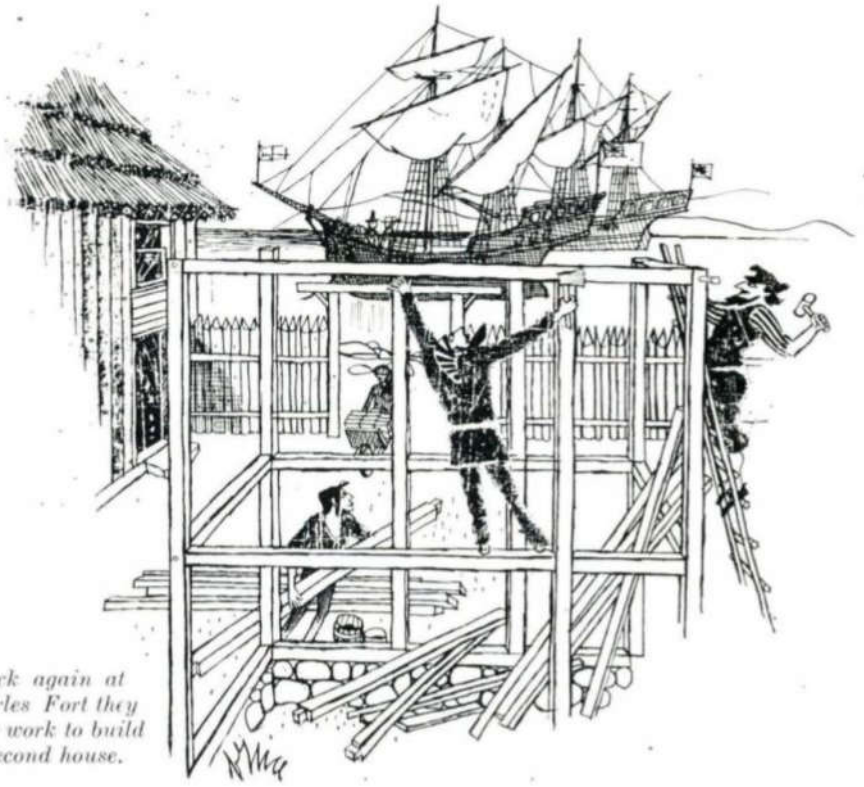
GROSEILLIERS AND RADISSON arrived in England at the end of 1665 at a time when Europe was interested in discovering a shortcut to China. Seamen for nearly a century had been exploring for it in the Hudson Bay region. Everyone who had tried to find this short route so far had lost most of their teeth through scurvy and kept referring to it as the "Northweft Paffage", but this did not appear to discourage the search and King Charles, sensing an opportunity for exploration as well as fur trade development, granted the adventurers the use of one of his naval vessels, the ketch *Eaglet*. In the warrant for the use of the ketch it was described as "one of our fmall veffelf" (the King's secretary had obviously been at sea too) and the warrant meant what it said. The vessel's length was forty feet, its beam sixteen feet and it was seven feet deep in the hold.

The gentlemen of King Charles's court, organized by Prince Rupert, the King's cousin, invested heavily in the venture and also supplied a ketch as a sister vessel for the voyage. This sister was even smaller, (36: 15: $6\frac{1}{2}$), and "exceeding narrow in ye waiste". She was appropriately named the *Nonsuch*. Apparently, for Groseilliers and Radisson, it was a case of ketch as ketch can.

In these two vessels, on 3 June 1668, the expedition put to sea from Gravesend, England, Groseilliers in the *Nonsuch* and Radisson in the *Eaglet*, and sailed for Hudson Bay. While the voyage had the two-fold objective of fur trade and discovery, emphasis appears to have been laid on the former. The instructions regarding exploration were simply worded: "You are to have in yor thoughts the discovery of the Passage into the South Sea and to attempt it as occasion shall offer".

The *Nonsuch*, under Captain Zachariah Gillam, made a successful voyage and wintered in James Bay at the mouth of Rupert River, where Groseilliers supervised the construction of Charles Fort and, occasion not offering the discovery of any passages into the South Sea, quite sensibly spent the winter in the fort. Radisson and Captain Stannard in the *Eaglet* were less fortunate and having damaged their vessel in a severe storm were back in England by August 5 of the same year they left. Radisson petitioned King Charles for a replacement vessel for his damaged ketch, this time asking for a pink, the *Hadarine*. He was given another ketch, the *Wivenhoe*. (Charles II appears to have been a ketch man). With the *Wivenhoe* they got as far as Greenland before turning back, and while there is no explanation given for this second failure, it seems possible that Captain Stannard may have been a pink man.

Meanwhile, Groseilliers had put in a profitable winter trading for *castor gras* in James Bay and returned with a cargo of beaver fur that sold for £1379, which led, on 2nd May 1670, to the granting of a Royal Charter and the formation of "The Governor and Company of Adven-



Back again at Charles Fort they set to work to build a second house.

turers of England trading into Hudson's Bay", now known as the Hudson's Bay Company.

If Charles II was conservative in the size of the vessels he allotted he was more than liberal in the matter of territory granted under the Charter. It represented considerably more land than anyone realized was there. In terms of modern geography, the Company was given most of Quebec and Ontario, all of Manitoba, most of Saskatchewan, the southern half of Alberta, bits of Minnesota and North Dakota, and a slice of the Northwest Territories.

Unfortunately, from a point of view of international amity, Louis XIV, six days previously, on 27th April 1670, had just finished conceding the same piece of country to a Dutchman named Van Heemskerk for the same purpose. Louis XIV was even more liberal than Charles II. The description was worded "all the lands which have been and shall be discovered by him in all North America entered from above Canada toward the North Pole, and extending to the South Sea as much and as far as he can reach". For some reason, South America was not included in the transaction.

The situation was thus somewhat involved. King Charles was backing the Frenchmen, Groseilliers and Radisson; Louis XIV was backing the Dutchman, Van Heemskerk; Holland and England were at war, and France and England were negotiating the Secret Treaty of Dover, which apparently was so secret that neither monarch was aware of what the other was attempting.

Van Heemskerk claimed to have had a great-uncle who "made a voyage for Holland to the East Indies, entering by way of Formosa in the South Sea and departing to the north of California, reaching Holland by way of Hudson Bay", and proposed to repeat this remarkable geographic manoeuvre in reverse for Louis of France. On 14 August 1670 he sailed from Brest with three vessels but storms broke up the expedition and denied history one of its more intriguing chapters. It would have been an interesting winter at Hudson Bay if Groseilliers, Radisson, and Van Heemskerk had all arrived together.

With the granting of the royal charter for trade, the Hudson's Bay Company, under the governorship of Prince Rupert, lost no time in launching its expedition to the Bay. Groseilliers and Radisson sailed with two vessels, the frigate *Prince Rupert*, specially built for the Adventurers, and the persistent *Wivenhoe* borrowed again from the King but this time under a different skipper. By autumn they were back at Charles Fort and having brought with them bricks (for a chimney—they were determined to keep warm this winter) and building materials, they set to work to build a second house, with a cellar and two storeys. They had also thoughtfully brought with them a supply of malt so the first thing they did was to bury the ship's beer for the voyage home,

and make good use of the cellar for the everyday beer brewed on the spot. This of course was a necessity because tea and coffee were luxuries and they had to drink something they were accustomed to. Living conditions assured, they were established for business at Charles Fort in James Bay. Almost three centuries later the Hudson's Bay Company is still in business in the same place though to avoid monotony the name was changed to Rupert's House.

As their first overseas governor on Hudson Bay the Company chose a Mr Charles Bayly, who was paroled from the Tower of London specially for the purpose. Perhaps his one time residence in Maryland qualified him as knowing something about America. Since then, Bayly, who was of the Quaker faith, had had an ambitious if unsuccessful career in Europe based on trying to convert the Pope. His net results so far had been discouraging. He had been imprisoned in Rome in 1660, in Bordeaux in 1661, in Dover in 1662, in Bristol in 1663, and had spent the remainder of the period prior to 1670 in the Tower "on the King's allowance". His choice as Colonial Governor appears logical when one considers that he was unlikely to get homesick.

Charles Bayly was paroled from the Tower of London to become the first overseas governor at Hudson Bay.

Within fifteen years of the granting of its charter the Company was well established in the Hudson Bay area and forts had been constructed at the mouths of the Rupert, Moose, Nelson, and Albany Rivers. In 1677 furs shipped to England brought nearly £5,000 when sold at auction. The next year goods to the value of some £1,400 were sent to the Bay in two ships, amongst the assortment of items being mirrors, needles, cloth, lace, powder horns, guns, and kettles. The returns that year were poor since the Baysiders recklessly put all their pelts in one pink which was wrecked on the way home. They made up for this in 1679 when the furs sold for nearly £9,000 and by 1684 the Company could declare its first dividend—fifty per cent. By 1690 it had trebled its capital and in the same year declared a dividend of twenty-five per cent on the new capital and sent Henry Kelsey into the interior to "call, encourage, and invite the remoter Indians to trade with us".

Kelsey travelled inland some 600 miles in the summer of 1690 and, evidently feeling that the Indians he encountered were not sufficiently remote, continued 500 miles further in 1691 to the plains country. Here he located a large tribe of Indians he called the Naywatamee Poets. Some sixty years later Anthony Henday, on a similar mission, referred to "a large tribe of plains Indians, the Archithinue" in the same general area. About two centuries later General Custer called his plains Indians the Sioux. He agreed that there were indeed a lot of them.

Kelsey found the Indians of the western interior in the usual state of turmoil subsequent to the introduction of the fur trade. The Crees, Assiniboines, Blackfeet and Sioux were reacting to the acquisition of European trade goods in much the same manner as had the Hurons, Algonquins and Iroquois of Champlain's day. The Crees and Assiniboines, accustomed to canoe travel, had set themselves up as middlemen and were conducting a trade in second-hand goods acquired at the Bay for furs from the Sioux and Blackfeet, who had no canoes and no intentions of making the trip anyway. Kelsey reports that "they knew not ye use of Cannoes and were resolved to go to wars so I seeing it in vain I held my peace".

Kelsey's trip to the interior was not altogether wasted, however, because the York Fort (Port Nelson) records report that in 1692 "Henry Kelsey came down with a good fleet of Indians" and trade with the Crees and Assiniboines, at least, was thus improved.

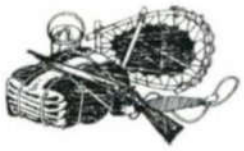
Meanwhile, the Company was having understandable problems of transport. The trade necessitated a one-way

cargo of heavy trade goods and supplies from England to Hudson Bay and a return cargo of light, valuable furs over stormy seas. Heavy ballasting of return cargoes was customary and since England already had an unlimited supply of cobblestones it was inevitably suggested that something more profitable than rocks—for instance, gold—should be imported on the return vessels to defray expenses.

Mining was attempted, but with small success, and an experimental shipment of isinglass miscarried when an unfortunate ship misnamed the *Prudent Mary* wrecked herself on an island in James Bay.

Hudson's Bay factors in charge of posts at the Bay were next urged to economize by having their personnel live off the produce of the land as much as possible. In the winter of 1709-10 when a large French garrison was in temporary possession it was estimated that a company of 80 men at Port Nelson consumed ninety thousand partridges and twenty-five thousand hares. This diet of ptarmigan and rabbits was generally supplemented with fish, geese, ducks, venison, swans, plovers and under the subsequent H B C regime, at least, with such apparent indispensables as flour, peas, occasionally cheese and butter, and "small Beer when in the Factory and water when up in the Woods, with what Brandy the Governor pleases to give them".

This policy of self-sufficiency was further implemented as time went by. Where the supply vessels of the late 17th century had carried such cargoes as bricks, tile, glass, lumber, beer, clothing and shoes, vessels entering the Bay in the 18th century brought stone masons, carpenters, sawyers, brewers, malt, tailors, and cobblers in significant replacement. It was the beginning of the do-it-yourself era in the North.



The early years of the Company's Hudson Bay development did not pass without frequent and pointed objections from the French traders and there were times when the smoke of burning forts along the Bay gave the illusion that France and England were at war.

In 1686 a French nobleman, the Chevalier de Troyes marched out of the forest one day at the head of an army of 30 soldiers and 70 bush rangers from Canada and with a flourish of swords and trumpets claimed Moose Factory in the name of "the King of France and Navarre". The English garrison of 17 men surrendered it in the name of simple arithmetic. The forts at Rupert River (Charles Fort) and Albany were next captured, leaving the English with only York Factory on the Bay.

In 1693 three Company vessels recaptured Fort Albany. This was fortunate because in 1694 two French vessels captured York Factory, and the rules were apparently that if you were caught up there without a fort you went home until next summer.

It was inevitable that confusion would occur and in 1696 it did when both sides, apparently forgetting who currently owned which fort, sent ships to York Factory the same spring. The French arrived two hours after the English had occupied it and lost it by default.

Apparently the time had now come to clearly define the national status of York Factory and the summer of 1697 brought with it the greatest naval engagement the Arctic had ever seen. A fleet of four ships under the Sieur d'Iberville engaged a British fleet of three vessels and after a prolonged battle in which d'Iberville was victorious it was definitely established that York Factory was French. The Company was now reduced to one fort, Albany, and from this base trade operations were conducted until the Treaty of Utrecht of 1713 returned their previous holdings.

In 1754 Anthony Henday was despatched to the plains country to try to drum up trade again. He met with the same success as had Kelsey, but this time the plains Indians had a good reason for declining invitations to trade at the Bay. The fur trade had now come to them.

Henday found the French, located at Fort à la Corne and the Pas on the Saskatchewan, well in control of the situation. In addition to having organized trade with the Sioux and Blackfeet they were skimming the cream off the winter catch of the Crees and Assiniboines on their way to Hudson Bay.

In his journal of May 1755 Henday comments darkly on the French methods of trade. "The natives received from the Master ten Gallons of Brandy half adulterated with water and when Intoxicated he traded Cased Cats, Martens and good parchment Beaver Skins, refusing Wolves and dressed Beaver. The heavy Furs and Pelts the French refuse. In short he received from the Natives nothing but what were prime Winter furs. I am certain that he hath got above 1000 of our richest Skins. . . . . The French talk Several Languages to perfection; they have the advantage of us in every shape; and if they had Brazile tobacco, which they have not, would entirely cut off our Trade".

With two rival fur routes probing into the western interior it was becoming increasingly evident that North America was too small an area to support the projects of empire of both England and France. Besides, it was inevitable that all this probing must eventually discover the Northwest Passage and the assumption was that when discovered it would prove to be far too narrow to accommodate the commercial traffic of both countries. What was required in the Northwest Passage was a freeway to China, not an international traffic jam.

Expediently, in 1756, Russia and Austria declared war on Prussia. France and England were invited to participate on opposite sides. This was simple Old World courtesy. A European war without France and England in it was unthinkable.

Meanwhile the French and English in Canada, who were not abreast of European affairs, had already declared a war of their own in 1755. The Iroquois, with simple New World courtesy, participated without waiting for an invitation. The Canadians were thus able to achieve a continuity of effort with their mother countries which lasted until 1760, when Montreal capitulated.

The effect of all this on the western fur trade was merely to stop shipments of fur to the east. The French fur trade, although continuing to function throughout the war, found itself at the conclusion with several tons of *castor gras* in a state of oily suspension somewhere west of the Great Lakes and was faced with the revolting spectacle of the English in possession of the St Lawrence River and the fur markets in the east. It was *disproportionné*.

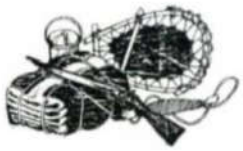
In 1763, since distance of transportation had never been a limiting factor in the fur trade it was decided to add a few thousand miles to the trade routes and get the furs to France via the Mississippi River and New Orleans. In order to do this, however, it would be necessary to remove a few obstacles such as English forts and settlements along the route. Logical candidates for this appointment were available in the Iroquois, who were in their usual state of gloom following the end of a war. Chief Pontiac of the Ottawa tribe undertook to clear the way on the misunderstanding that if he was successful France would re-invade Canada via the Mississippi and bring back the good old days, and for three years war was carried to the frontier settlements of Virginia and Pennsylvania before peace was restored in 1766. Pontiac was posthumously honoured for this by having a car named after him.

By the end of the Indian uprisings it was not the French who had invaded Canada but the Scots, and the Montreal fur trade was now associated with such names as Simon McTavish, the McGillivrays, the Mackenzies, the MacKays and the McLoughlins—men who had come to Canada after the conquest and who saw in the fur trade an opportunity to acquire a fortune. Each trader at first operated independently, hiring his own staff of rivermen and interior traders and sending his own goods to the West for barter. As competition became keen, the

Competition became so keen that the Indians couldn't tell one Scotsman from another.

margin between thrifty bargaining and unscrupulous practice became so narrow that the Indians couldn't tell one Scotsman from another and frequently brought fur which had been pledged to one trader to another trader in the same area. To eliminate this abuse by the Indians, several of the leading traders agreed in 1779 to combine their efforts for one year and share the profits. The success of this arrangement led, in 1783, to the formation of a large association of traders under a five-year agreement—the North West Company. This company continued to carry on an extensive trade in furs until its union with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821.

Prior to this union, however, there were years of bitter rivalry. The Hudson's Bay Company regarded the North West Company as violators of the monopoly of trade bestowed on them by the Royal Charter of King Charles II. They referred to them as "the Canadians" and occasionally (from habit) as the "French traders". This latter reference alone was sufficient to delay anything in the nature of a union of the English and the Scots.



In 1769 the Hudson Bay Company, mindful of its duties regarding the discovery of the Northwest Passage and the need for something more valuable than rock to ballast its return cargoes to England, sent Samuel Hearne into the Arctic to look for both. Following two false starts, Hearne penetrated the Arctic to the mouth of the Coppermine River—a journey carried out in the dead of winter across the barren lands with a party of Indians living off the land—and returned after an absence of eighteen months and twenty-three days. He was the first explorer to reach the Arctic Sea by land, and while he made no significant discovery as a prospector he wrote later, ". . . yet I have the pleasure to think that I have fully complied with the orders of my Masters, and that it has put a final end to all disputes concerning a North West Passage through Hudson's Bay".

Twenty years later, in 1789, the North West Company having extended its fur trading operations to the Athabasca region, Alexander Mackenzie decided that all disputes concerning a Northwest Passage should be put to a final end and on 3rd June left Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca and, by way of the Peace, Slave and Mackenzie Rivers, reached the Arctic Ocean on 14 July 1789. It was an historic day in Canadian history, marking yet another of the many days on which the Northwest Passage wasn't discovered. (In Paris, France, it was celebrated by an angry mob sacking the Bastille and starting the French Revolution.) By 12th September Mackenzie was back at Fort Chipewyan, having completed a journey of 3,000 miles in 102 days.

Alexander Mackenzie had mapped his route to the Arctic but was not satisfied with the accuracy of his observations. The determination of longitude was at this time a complicated operation. The longitude of a place was found by comparing local time at the point of observation with the time at Greenwich, England; from the difference in these times the distance east or west of Greenwich was calculable. Mackenzie's problem was that, while he had a good watch and wound it regularly, he didn't know what time it was in Greenwich. In 1791 he went to England to find out.

Having trained himself in England on the observation of certain astronomical phenomena and from these the calculation of Greenwich time from an almanack, Mackenzie returned to Fort Chipewyan in 1792 and prepared to reach the Pacific Ocean. From his previous trip to the Arctic he realized that the Rocky Mountains formed a continuous barrier to the west and reasoned that his route must cross these. In the fall of 1792 he started up the Peace River and wintered near the present town of Peace River.

On 9 May 1793, with a 25-foot canoe, 3,000 lb. of supplies and nine men he moved westward up the Peace River. Following a portage around the Peace River canyon the party reached Finlay Forks on 31st May and the source of the Parsnip River by 11th June. The Fraser was reached on 17th June and having passed through the Prince George Canyon navigation ended. The remainder of the journey was overland following the Blackwater River route and the Bella Coola River to the sea at North Bentinck Arm. It had taken the fur-traders 250 years to span the continent.

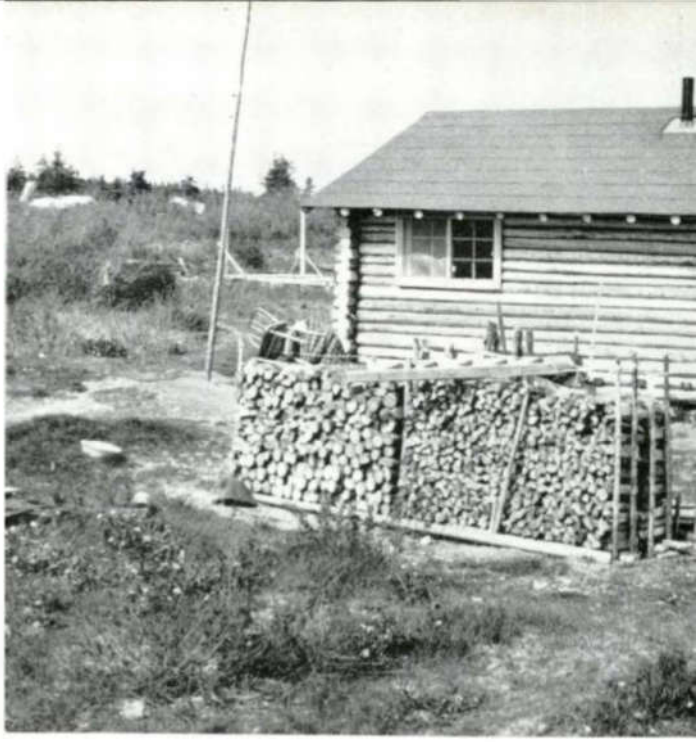
Meanwhile, bitter rivalry continued between the two companies for control of the western fur trade. In addition to mutual disagreement over each other's right to trade at all there were differences of opinion as to how trade should be conducted. The coat-of-arms of the Hudson's Bay Company bore (in addition to two moose rampant, four castor grassant and a fox in a pear tree) the ethical motto *Pro pelle cutem*, which in terms of the trade was interpreted as meaning "a skin for a skin"—a beaver skin being the standard of trade.

The North Westers, whose coat-without-arms was a buffalo robe with two holes cut in it appeared to favour the motto "a skinful for a skin"—their standard of trade being West Indies rum. ◆

THE NEMISCAU INDIANS

By E. S. Rogers

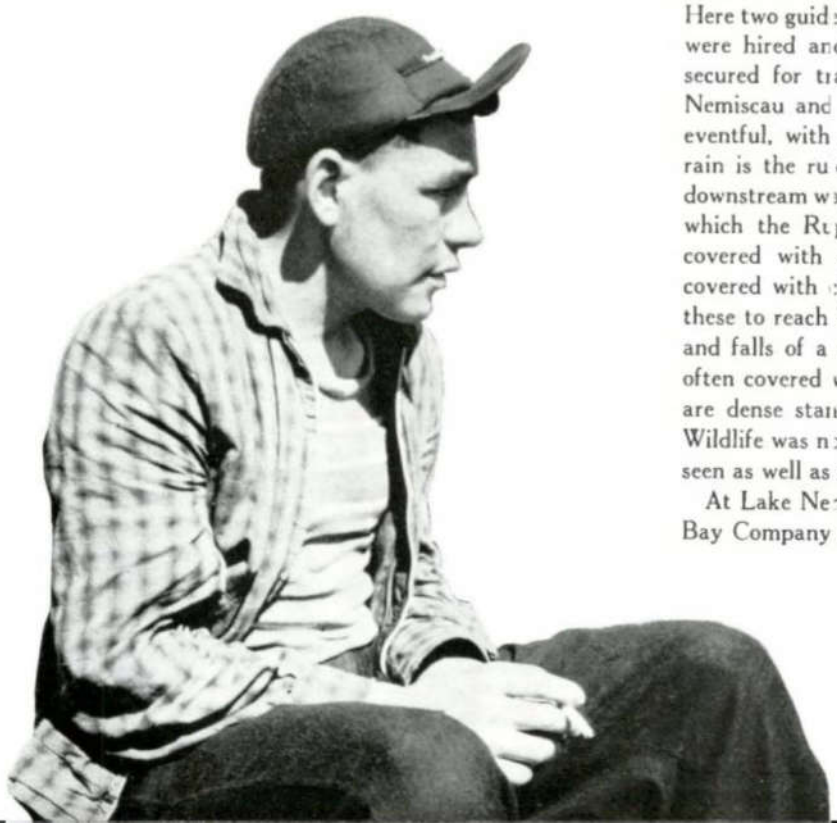
Curator of the Department of Ethnology, Royal Ontario Museum, University of Toronto. Photos of artifacts by Lee Warren, courtesy R.O.M., all others by the author.



DURING THE LATTER HALF OF JUNE 1964, the Royal Ontario Museum, University of Toronto, sponsored a trip to Lake Nemiscau, Quebec. The primary purpose was to collect selected ethnographic specimens for proposed new gallery installations depicting in part the Indians of the eastern subarctic. The Nemiscau Indians are one of the last groups within this entire region where such specimens might be secured. A second aim was to obtain a photographic coverage of the area which would aid in gallery work. A third and final desire was to secure data on the Indian hunting dog which, it had been heard, might still be found at Nemiscau.

The author left Toronto on June 14th by train for Moosonee, Ontario, and from there flew to Rupert House, Quebec, located at the southeast corner of James Bay. Here two guides, David Blacknet and George Georgekish were hired and the necessary equipment and supplies secured for travel by canoe up the Rupert River to Nemiscau and back again. The trip upstream was uneventful, with only one rainy day in a country where rain is the rule rather than the exception. The return downstream was of a similar nature. The country through which the Rupert River passes is composed of areas covered with deposits of sand or gravel and others covered with clay. In places the river has cut through these to reach bedrock and here are encountered chutes and falls of a most spectacular nature. The banks are often covered with alders and willows and behind these are dense stands of black spruce, the subarctic taiga. Wildlife was not often observed although one moose was seen as well as some waterfowl and signs of beaver.

At Lake Nemiscau we made camp near the Hudson's Bay Company establishment and in view of the Indian



David Blacknet, head guide.

Row of recently built log cabins facing the lake in the village of Nemiscau.

Nemiscau children. They attend school during the summer when their families gather at Lake Nemiscau.

village. At one end of the settlement are the Company buildings consisting of the manager's residence, store, and warehouse. The Indian village stretches out in a broad line along the shore of the lake. Near the centre is a school and a home for a teacher. Near the other end of the village is the residence of an Evangelical missionary and family, who have been working here for the past several years. Nemiscau is one of the last settlements in the James Bay area which does not have a nursing station. Medical care is administered from Moose Factory.

Lake Nemiscau has had a long history and the Indians living here have been in contact with Europeans for at least three hundred years. In 1663 Guillaume Couture, Pierre Duguet and Jean Langlois with a party of Indians started from the St Lawrence River for James Bay. They went as far as Lake Nemiscau but here they turned back. These were the first Europeans to penetrate the area. Nine years later, Father Albanel passed through Lake Nemiscau on his way to the Bay to investigate reports that the English had established themselves there. He wrote of seeing the remains of an Iroquois fort on one of the islands in Lake Nemiscau. This was the time when Iroquois raids were at their height and Albanel's report indicates in part the vast territory over which they ranged. This, as far as the record goes, is the farthest north in Canada that the Iroquois penetrated. During the early part of the nineteenth century, the Hudson's Bay Company began its push into the interior of the Labrador Peninsula and Lake Nemiscau was more and more frequently visited by Europeans. (For early history of the H B C Nemiscau post see Spring 1964 issue of *The Beaver*.) Following this, there was little change over the years. A trading post was maintained on the lake, but except for an occasional government party or tourist there was limited contact with the outside world until the advent of the aeroplane. Today there are increasing contacts and it is to be surmised that it will not be very many more years before a road will be built which will allow one to drive directly to Lake Nemiscau.

At the present time approximately 160 Indians, a large number of whom are children, gather at Lake Nemiscau during the summer months. Also resident are the manager of the Hudson's Bay Company store and the Evangelical missionary, and during the summer, a school teacher. These are the only Euro-Canadians. The Indians who assemble here speak a dialect of Cree which is a division of the great Algonkian linguistic family that extends from the Atlantic seaboard to the Rocky Mountains. Culturally they are very similar to the other bands who inhabit the western half of the Labrador Peninsula.

Practically nothing is known regarding the history or customs of the Nemiscau Indians. No published account

exists which is devoted solely to these Indians and there is only an occasional reference to them in the literature dealing with this general area. Only one student ethnologist has ever worked among these people, and then for only a few weeks.

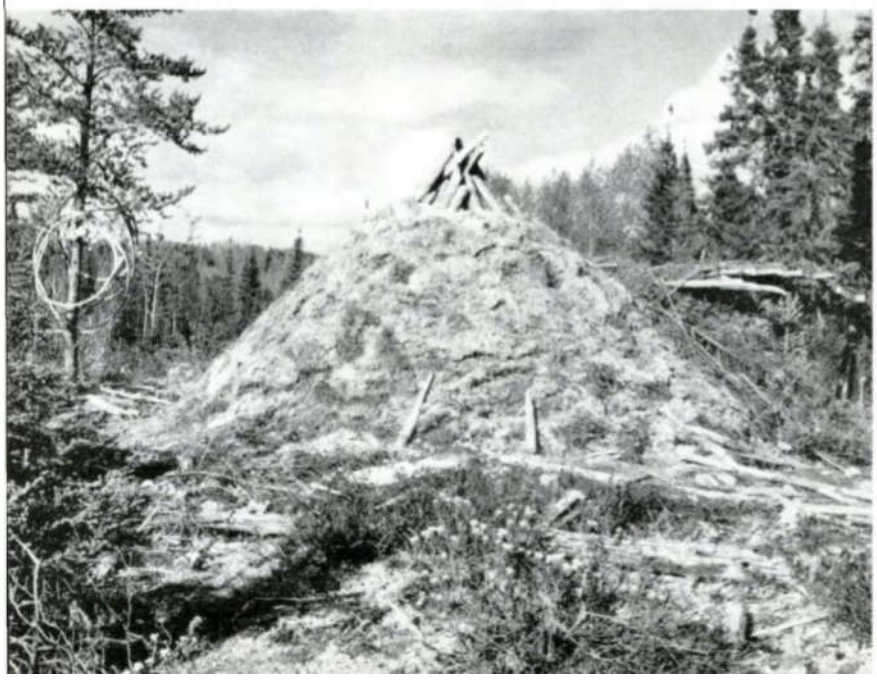
One of the first sights that one sees on arrival at the Nemiscau settlement is the dogs; dogs of many sizes and colours. Among these several small yellowish dogs with long hair and pointed ears and nose caught the eye. These appeared to be the typical Indian hunting dog that has been reported as having been the constant companion of each household of eastern subarctic Indians. Inquiries were made, and the Indians stated that these were the hunting dogs with which beaver and bear were sought during the winter months. They added though that the dogs were no longer used in this way. If indeed these are the Indian hunting dogs, then they are the last remnants of the race. In 1953-4 several were seen at Lake Mistassini and these, it was said, were the last to be found there. Nowhere else has the author seen any, although information gathered on the present trip suggests that some remain at several of the settlements on the east coast of James Bay. Whatever the case may be, the Indian hunting dog will soon be a creature of the past.

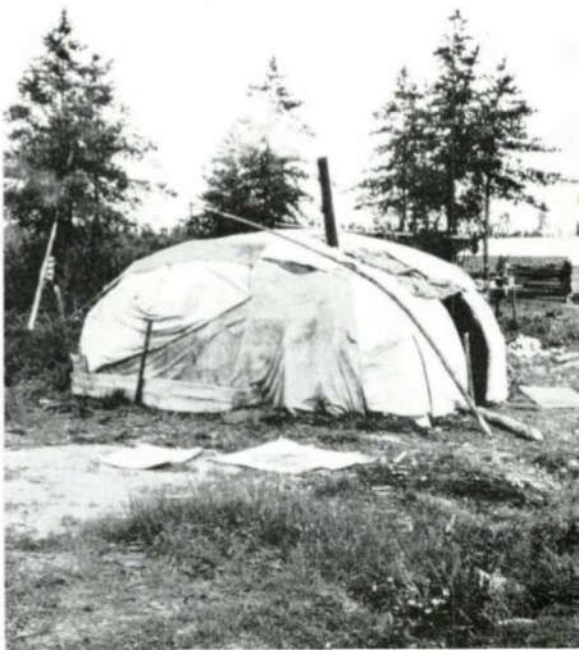
On the basis of personal observation much of the Nemiscau Indians' old way of life still remains but there are signs that this is beginning to change. One change that can be observed is in the village itself. Today it consists roughly of two parallel rows of homes facing the lake. Whereas formerly the homes would have been composed entirely of dome-shaped lodges, conical lodges and tents of canvas, now there are several log cabins which were erected last summer and a few more are being built this year (1964). These, in contrast to the lodges of the past, have wooden floors, doors, and glass windows. Only one occupied dome-shaped lodge was seen and the frames of several others recently abandoned. There was also seen the excavated remains of an earth-covered dome-shaped lodge. A second change is the establishment of a summer school consisting of a schoolhouse and residence for a teacher. And of course the rather frequent plane flights are indicative of further changes. These are all features which were not part of the Indians' life seventeen years ago when the author passed through Lake Nemiscau.

In spite of an encroaching Western world, the Nemiscau Indians still live by hunting, trapping, and fishing; an economy based in large measure on the fur trade (this discounts the emphasis placed today on various forms of welfare). They retain the ability and skill to manufacture many items of equipment used in daily life, certain social practices derived from their ancestors, and beliefs in their former religious concepts. Unfortunately, time was too limited to do more than scratch the surface of their way of life. What follows, therefore, are only random notes relating to the life of the Nemiscau Indians.

The Indians still leave in the fall for their winter camps located back in the bush at varying distances from the settlement. The men are accompanied by their families and all remain until spring or early summer. Only occasionally do the men return to the post for supplies and to sell their furs. A winter camp consists primarily of a lodge or two, cache racks, and sometimes additional structures. Occasionally the lodge is earth-covered like the one seen on the Rupert River belonging to David Blacknet of the Rupert House band. Such winter camps are quite small, containing only a few people. During the winter the men hunt moose and trap various fur bearers such as mink and beaver. Small game also are killed and fish netted from under the ice. Today guns have replaced bows and arrows and steel traps have almost displaced the deadfall. Of the latter, two types are still used occa-

Earth-covered conical lodge belonging to David Blacknet and an occupied canvas-covered dome-shaped lodge in the village.





sionally for marten. Wire snares are used for hares both winter and summer. Fish are taken with gill nets often made by the women with the aid of a wooden netting needle and gauge.

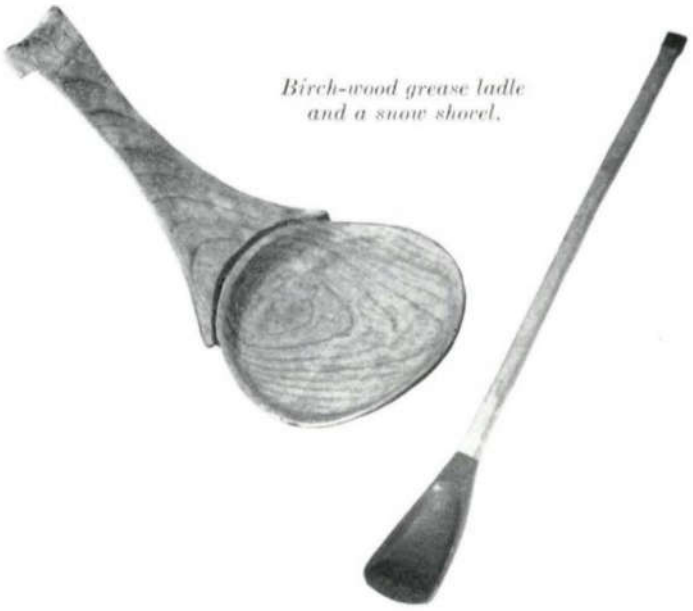
To observe the Nemiscau Indian during the summer gives a false impression of his way of life. At that time of year one will see him dressed in Western clothing, except occasionally for moccasins, and living in tents or log cabins heated by metal stoves, using metal dishes, and travelling about the lake in canvas-covered canoes powered by outboard motors. Some of the canoes, at least, are manufactured by the Rupert House Indians. This would suggest that the Nemiscau Indian is dependent almost entirely upon the outside world for his material possessions, but this is not the case, as a closer inspection of his cache racks or discussions with him would reveal. During the winter, a number of items used in winning a livelihood from this harsh subarctic environment are still made by the Indian himself. And many of these are examples of supreme craftsmanship and ingenuity. The toboggan is one such example, a vehicle eminently suited to the deep powdery snow which blankets the countryside at this time of year. The snowshoe is another. Two types, perhaps more, although no others were seen or heard of, are employed by the Nemiscau Indians. One is relatively broad, rounded in front and pointed in back. This type is sometimes referred to as the "swallow-tail" snowshoe. The other type is pointed at either end and turned up in front. This latter type has an interesting history, not being native to the Indians of the Labrador Peninsula. Rather it has spread across northern Ontario apparently from as far away as the Mackenzie Basin, around the southern end of James Bay to Rupert House, and thence up the Rupert River to Nemiscau arriving there perhaps forty or more years ago. From there it diffused to the western Mistassini

Indian hunting dog

Indians, being adopted by them perhaps not more than thirty-five to forty years ago. Another item of winter equipment is the snow shovel used to clear the snow from traps, ice from the fishing holes and snow from about the camp. This item is usually made from birch wood.

Besides the above items, there are several pieces of household equipment and hide-working tools still manufactured locally by the people. One of these is perhaps the most graceful implement made by the native inhabitants of the Labrador Peninsula; this is the grease ladle made of birch wood secured from the base of the trunk of a tree so that the handle is derived from the trunk and the bowl from a lateral root. Time and skill are required to fashion such a spoon with the aid of only an axe and a crooked knife. To contain a person's posses-

Trimming a log for cabin construction.

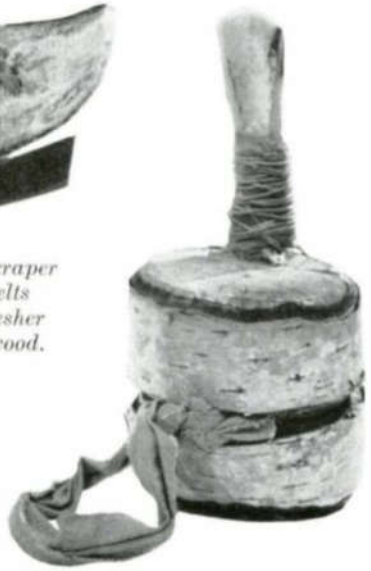


Birch-wood grease ladle and a snow shovel.

Leg-skin bag, the bottom made of skin from a different part of the animal.

Scraping a moose hide with a tool made from a split moose bone.

sions, a leg-skin bag is on occasion used. This generally is made from skins taken from the region of the cannon-bone of caribou or perhaps young moose. These sewn vertically side by side form the sides of the bag and others inserted lengthwise form the bottom. There is a drawstring about the top with which the bag is closed.



Metal bladed scraper for beaver pelts and a bone flesher mounted on wood.

Several tools are specially made for working hides. One of these is a bone beamer for removing the hair and epidermal layer from moose and caribou hides. It is made from the cannon-bone of a moose split lengthwise. The hide is placed over the end of an inclined log, the other end having been thrust into the ground. A woman stands in front of the upraised end of the log and using the beamer like a drawshave, except in the opposite direction, scrapes the hide. To remove the subcutaneous tissue from moose and caribou hides, a flesher is used. This consists of a section taken from the cannon-bone of a moose and mounted on the end of a section of a tree trunk. To scrape beaver pelts, a form of semi-lunar knife, something like the Eskimo woman's ulu, is employed.

Formerly when spring arrived the people resorted to a good fishing locality and some occasionally still do to this day. One such spot was said to be located about thirty miles up the Rupert River from Lake Nemiscau. Sturgeon were one of the main fish taken and these by spearing. In the old days such spears were tipped with iron points specially made by a Company blacksmith. Other such spears might be made by the Indians themselves from a large spike.

With the advent of summer the people return from the bush and gather in their settlement on the shores of Lake Nemiscau. Here at this time of year life is much easier than it had been during the past nine months. Activity is cut to a minimum. During 1964 a few of the men were engaged in constructing log cabins and a few more had left to start commercial fishing. It is at this time of the year that the children have a chance to attend school. The women, of course, carry on their usual tasks of cooking, sewing, washing clothing and tending the home.

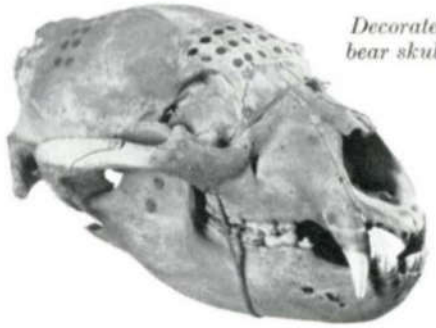
Native social customs are still practised. One of these is the girls' puberty fast. A girl, when she reaches this age, must retire to the bush. A special tent is erected for her by an older woman and here she remains for four to five days alone except at night when a young girl may be her companion. After this period, she returns to the settlement and henceforth is considered a woman, no

The bear skull is one of the ritual objects possessed by Nemiscau Indians.

longer a girl. Many other social customs no doubt exist but unfortunately none were recorded.

The religious practices of the Nemiscau Indians consist of the old and the new. The new of course is represented by Christianity. Today, the dead are buried in a cemetery located behind the Hudson's Bay Company headquarters. Each grave is surrounded by a picket fence and may have a headstone. In addition, a pole is sometimes erected on which are hung various items as offerings to the departed spirit. On a tree nearby, the skulls of various animals may be hung for the same reasons as those goods hung on the poles. Parenthetically, the ashes of Mr J. W. Anderson, an old time fur trader for the Hudson's Bay Company, are buried here at the grave of his young daughter who was drowned nearby a number of years ago when the family was passing through the area by canoe.

The skulls of animals, especially those of bear, are also erected on trees for another purpose, and that is to appease the departed spirit of the creature. Such bear skulls were seen, and one acquired for the museum. This bear had been killed last August and the skull was being kept for one year before being placed at a suitable spot. Sometimes the skull is decorated with painted designs



Decorated bear skull.

as is the case of one which was secured from Rupert House. The bear is of special significance in the eyes of the Nemiscau Indians and other inhabitants of the circumpolar region and much ritual is involved in its capture and the proper treatment of its remains. Besides the ceremonial treatment of the skull, the chin skin is removed and saved along with the "worm", a tendon-like piece just under the tongue. The chin skin, which is diamond shaped, is folded in half and the "worm" placed inside. The skin is then sewn completely or partially shut and the edges often decorated with beads. At Rupert House, goose heads are sometimes ceremonially treated, being adorned with beads. (See contents page.)

It is also said that one old man at Nemiscau is capable of performing the shaking tent rite and on occasion still does. Unfortunately, no opportunity presented itself to observe this ceremony. It was said to be held at the time of a person's death for the purpose of communion with the departed spirit. If this is so, then this is an additional use from those reported for this rite in other places. In some of the rituals a drum is used. This consists of a wooden hoop with two heads of caribou hide.

One final item of a ritual nature was secured. This is the ceremonial drag line employed to haul beaver and otter over the snow back to camp. It is made of several strands of caribou thong braided together. Various forms of decoration, which most likely have religious significance, are placed at a number of points along its length.

These are but random notes on the ethnography of the Nemiscau Indians since only a few days were available for field work. It would be rewarding to undertake extensive research in depth among this group of Indians before their native culture is totally destroyed. ◆

Bear chin skins, decorated.

BY ROBERT MOON

Davin – Bald Eagle of

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN stepped off the train at Regina for the first time in 1882, the year the community was born, his cane twirling and his cape waving in the prairie breeze. In the next two pioneering decades Davin was to carve out for himself a reputation as Saskatchewan's most colourful white settler.

For Nicholas Flood Davin the road had been colourful enough even before he reached Regina, which at the time of his arrival was just getting over being called Pile o' Bones. As a youthful reporter in the 1870s, he had cut an incredible caper across Europe by handing out cigars to rival soldiers in the Franco-German War and by finally escaping from Paris and the brief Commune regime in a balloon.

In his maturity, Davin's erratic pathway led him to the Saskatchewan frontier, where he founded the Regina *Leader*, the forerunner of the present Regina *Leader-Post*. But his flair for the unexpected never left him and about the only thing that could be said for certain was that whatever he did would be out of the ordinary.

Master of repartee, the "Bald Eagle" as he was called, was known as much in the west for his oratory as for his writing, either of which would have made him famous. Davin's humour was renowned. When he was described in the Commons in these words, "The honourable member for West Assiniboia has a bare face, a bald head and rooms to let," he retorted, "The honourable member, like myself, has no hair on his face; his head, like mine, is bald; he, like myself, has rooms to let; but there is this difference, mine are furnished and his are not."

His tall tales entertained many audiences. "It was so cold the cow froze where it stood" he once told listeners "so we milked her for ice cream all the next summer."

Born in Ireland in 1843, qualifying as a lawyer and called to the bar in London, Davin soon turned to journalism and eventually went to Canada for a visit which lengthened to the rest of his life. The opportunities in a nation still a-borning attracted him. He decided to stay, and went to work first as a literary critic on the Toronto *Globe*.

The relationship was short and unhappy. He left to spend a year lecturing throughout Canada and studying politics at first hand. In 1874 he went back to the legal profession again and was called to the bar of Ontario. Strangely, the murder of George Brown, editor of the *Globe*, brought Davin to the pinnacle of his legal career in 1880. Assigned to defend George Bennett, the murderer, the Bald Eagle gave what has been recognized as one of the most brilliant appeals for a human life in Canadian legal history. But Davin's forensic eloquence was not soundly based on law. Bennett went to the gallows.

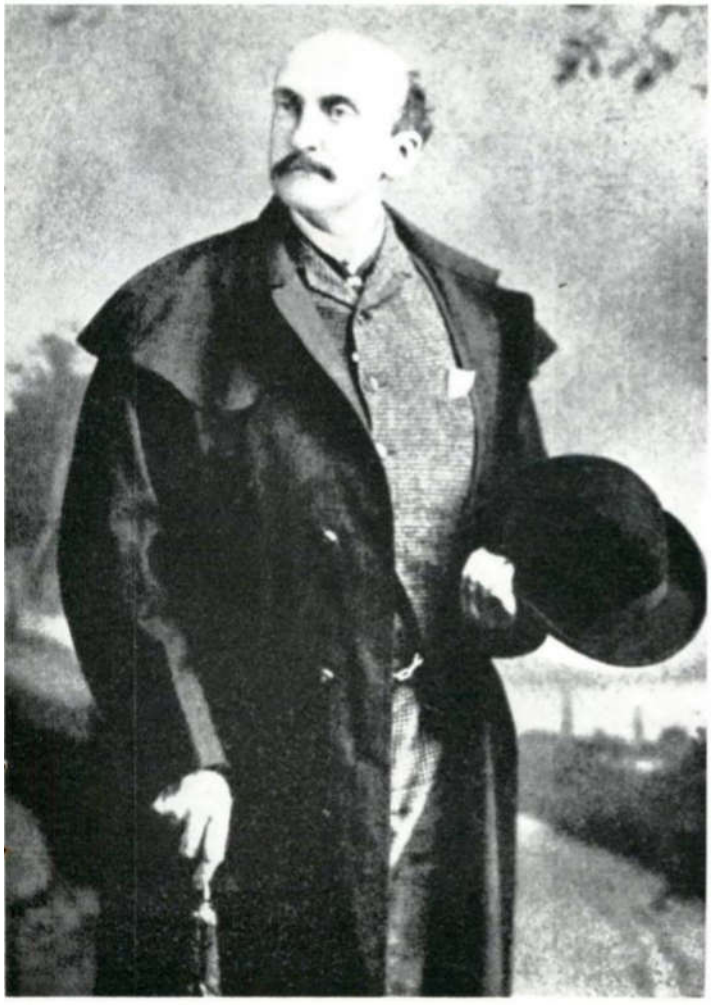
Two decades later, shortly before he died, Davin told the story of the trial at his hotel on a visit to Yorkton, Saskatchewan. "Gentlemen," he said, "if it had not been for one Old Country Scotsman on that jury, Bennett would have been acquitted. I had all the others of the jury but that hard-headed Scotsman. He was the one who hanged the murderer of George Brown." One of his listeners, William Simpson of Yorkton, broke in. "Mr Davin," he said, "I was that Scotsman."

Soon after the Conservative victory in the 1878 federal election which he contested unsuccessfully under the Tory banner, Davin was sent to Washington and other parts of the United States by Sir John A. Macdonald. His mission was to study and report on Indian schools, a subject in which the Canadian government was greatly

A newspaperman for many years, Mr Moon has also written a book about his native province, "This is Saskatchewan." Photographs, except last, courtesy Saskatchewan Archives.

the Prairies

Davin in the 1880s.



interested. Several months later he was sent to Manitoba to apply what he had learnt. It was his first taste of the west and his poetic instinct was aroused by the prairies. Still, he did not stay and little knew he would soon return and ultimately die there.

It was in October of 1882, the year the railway came through, that Davin first came to Regina. W. B. Scarth, principal trustee of the townsite, had invited him to join a party of prominent people, including Dr John Rae, the Arctic explorer, and travel west aboard his private railway car. An inducement to operate a newspaper in the new community was made, and Davin yielded, lured by the frontier and by a $5,000 cash consideration and $5,000 in town lots.

"I thought I would run it for six months, hand it over to someone else if I made a success of it, and go back to my business in Toronto," he said afterwards. "But at the end of six months the end of the [railway] division was taken away, the town lost all heart, and everything went down to zero, collections became impossible, and as I would not leave people in a depressed state, I therefore could not carry out my original intention of leaving."

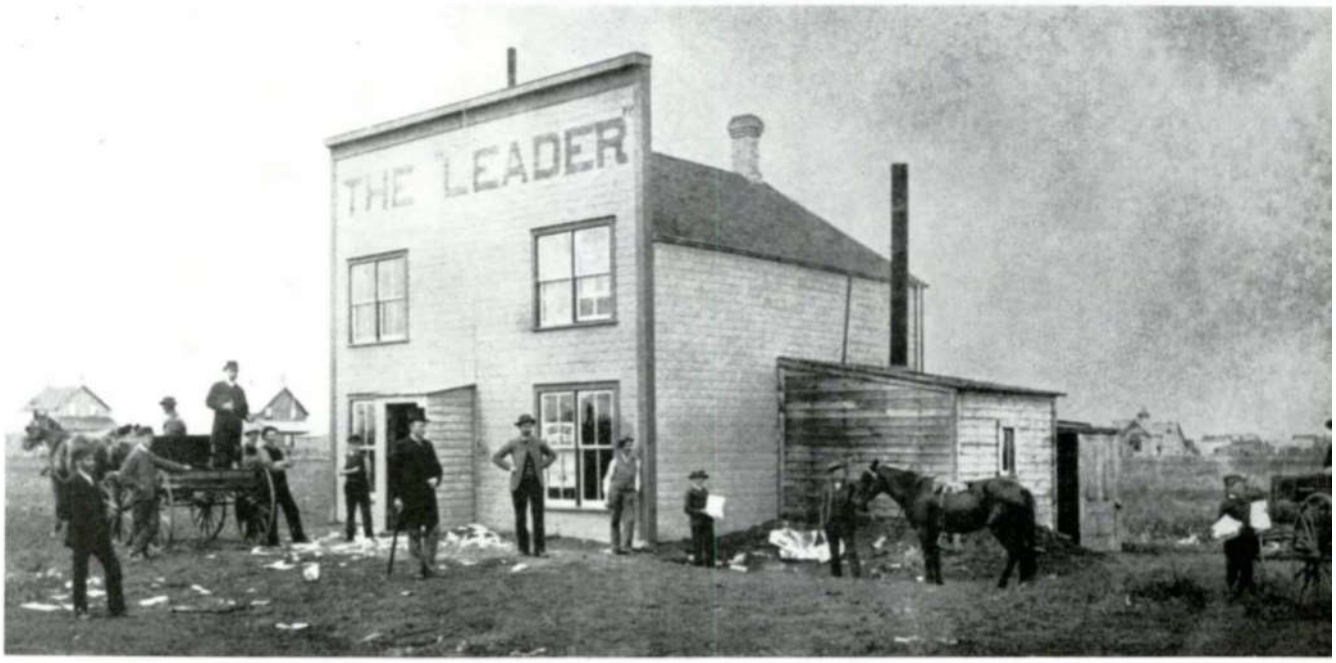
He stayed and gave the community the liveliest journalism it has ever seen. His interests were universal and he roved from the gumbo of the Regina Plains to the classics.

Over the years Regina may have become a place of beauty, built around a lovely man-made lake, but in the beginning it was stark and austere with not a tree in sight, and everybody admitted it. "Let us take away from Regina the reproach of being the ugliest place on the line of the C.P.R.," wrote Davin.

The difficulty was that though the pioneers had energy, they had no money for laying out proper streets, let alone for planting trees. "Last week we had a nice rain and everybody who walked down Broad Street took a homestead on one foot and a pre-emption on the other," wrote Davin, referring to the sticky prairie mud.

There was not even money for a town constable in those early days and the citizens relied on the members of the North-West Mounted Police from the nearby headquarters barracks to keep order. To suppress the whisky trade with the Indians, complete prohibition was ordered, with the Mounties using plain-clothes liquor informers and searching houses without warrant. The townspeople were outraged.

Unfortunately for Nicholas Flood Davin, he chose this moment to be fined $50 for a minor liquor offence. At the time, he was campaigning against police inefficiency. He took the liquor fine as police vengeance, pure and simple, and redoubled his attack.



Office of the "Leader" in 1885. Davin had started the Regina newspaper two years earlier.

Once settled in the community permanently, Davin looked constantly for fortune to change, and in 1885 hoped for prosperity when he wrote that the summer might bring a fulfilment of promise. It turned out that way for Davin, though New Year's Day the temperature dipped to 58 below zero and the frost was so intense on the *Leader* presses the paper stuck to the type.

It was the year of Davin's greatest Canadian journalistic endeavours. It was the year of the Northwest Rebellion, which he chronicled. His accounts of Riel's trial in July were full of colour, top-flight reporting by any standards. "When Riel was led into the dock, the courtroom presented a busy and crowded appearance. . . . the spectacle—sprinkled with red coats as the scene was—recalled old world assizes and was not a little solemn and imposing."

On the eve of the cold November day when Riel was to mount the scaffold, Davin claimed to have perpetrated one of the most daring stunts in Canadian journalistic history. His rivals turned away in their efforts to interview the doomed prisoner, his own plan of sending a girl to seek the interview thwarted, Davin's imaginative mind formed a fresh approach. According to his account, he donned a soutane, a broad-brimmed hat, a false beard, and an enormous silver crucifix and appeared as Father Bienveillee, father confessor. Speaking French, he presented himself at the mounted police barracks. The guard, taking him for Father André, Riel's true confessor, ushered him to the death cell.

"When I first saw you at the trial I loved you," Davin reported Riel as saying after he introduced himself in French. For twenty minutes Riel talked, sent messages to Macdonald, Wilfrid Laurier, and the Queen's representative, pleaded insanity for the days when he did not obey the commandments of God, confusedly thought death to be both near and far away. So Davin reported afterwards, quoting the rebel leader in his newspaper as saying: "The spirit told me last night I should yet rule a vast country, the North-West, with power derived from heaven."

The Riel Rebellion helped bring federal representation to the North-West Territories. In 1887 the federal riding of Assiniboia West, a huge area taking in Regina and much of present-day Saskatchewan, elected its first Member of Parliament. Davin threw his hat in the ring but was immediately criticized for publicly supporting prohibition while remaining a drinker. He overcame the criticism by appearing at meetings gay as to dress, wearing checked trousers and red tie, but sober as to appearance. He was elected with ease.

His notorious drinking continued unabated. Once he delivered the main address at a notable western banquet and as the wine flowed freely during the evening, he responded to calls for him to rise to his feet about every half hour. Speaking in English, German and French and quoting from Shakespeare and Milton, Goethe and Schiller, and numerous French poets, he was still holding his audience enraptured at four o'clock the next morning.

In the election campaign of 1891, when he was re-elected, Davin had endangered his standing by appearing drunk before a rural audience. It had been necessary to appease his supporters by stating publicly that in future he would be a staunch teetotaler and use his influence "pen and tongue, on the side of total abstinence" admitting "I fully realize that drink has been the bane of my life". It continued so, though never again on a public platform.

In Ottawa, Davin was the chief spokesman and the first authentic parliamentary voice of prairie protest. Pursuing this role, he championed the homesteaders and the grain growers, seeking greater flexibility in land policy and speedier action on seed grain relief, though his half-hearted attitude on the case for western responsible government was less to his credit. His stand was strongly coloured by his personal dislike for other western leaders.

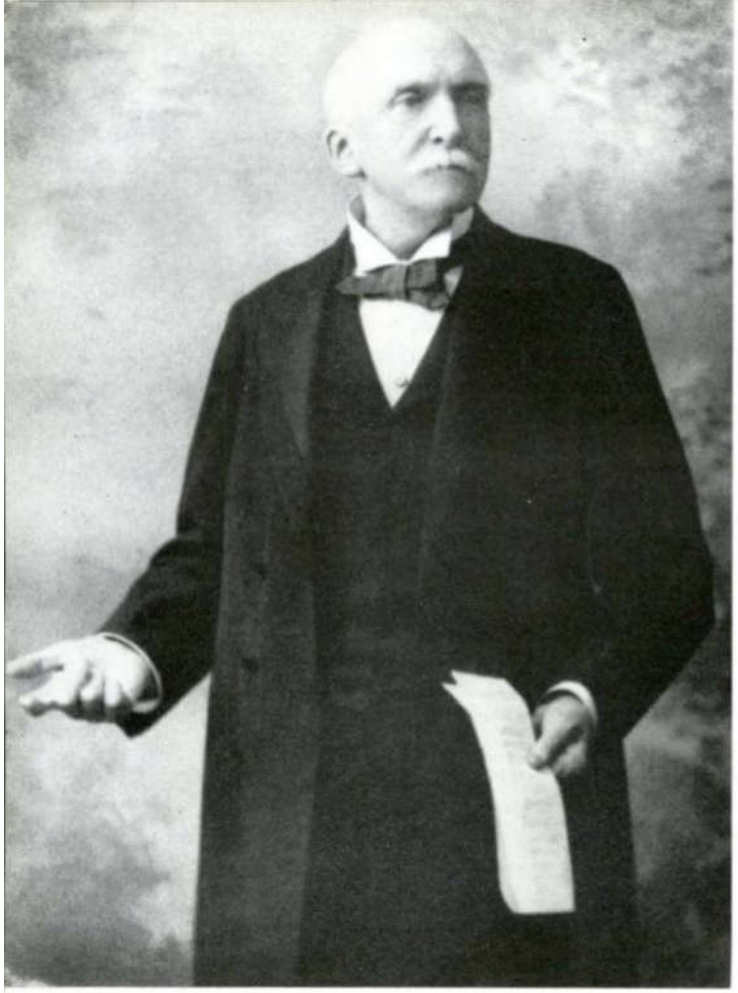
Macdonald made use of Davin as a speaker he could throw into the heat of the debate when his party was in trouble or when he wanted to delay a division. In opposition, Davin delighted in bearding his distinguished foes, taunting such figures as Laurier with: "I compare your government to a congested pawn shop, full of unredeemed promises."

In championing western interests Davin probably sacrificed his own political advancement. His independence, plus his occasional acts of irresponsibility, his impatience with routine and his temperament, denied him a cabinet post to which his record certainly entitled him.

Nonetheless, between sessions he was looked on by many of his constituents as some kind of minor god. As he walked through the streets of Regina, he assembled an entourage. Fellow townsmen joined the procession and gathered around when he stopped to talk. On one such occasion, a political opponent interjected: "Mr. Davin, I hear you nearly killed the Speaker at Ottawa this session by talking him to death."

"Pshaw," Davin replied, "that is nothing, 'tis not the first Grit I have slain."

Davin, raising hat, with a group of Reginans at Craven in 1886 on the opening of the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Railroad.



Near the end of his career, Davin c. 1900.

One of the most famous libel actions in Saskatchewan's history involved Davin as a key figure at the time of the 1891 vote. It ended in a draw. In 1896 he also participated in Regina's most famous election. Walter Scott, ultimately to become premier but then publishing the *Leader* after purchasing it from Davin, campaigned on the platform for Davin's rival although when be bought the newspaper it was agreed that it should back Davin politically.

On election day the first counting gave Davin's competitor, McInnis, a majority of 20 votes, with only one small isolated poll still to be heard from. McInnis supporters staged a torchlight victory parade. Davin went to bed thinking himself defeated. To his surprise the returns from an isolated poll equalized the final vote. The returning officer, Dixie Watson, appointed by the Conservatives, tipped the balance for Davin. Thereafter Davin was known as the member for Dixie. It did not phase the Bald Eagle: "I can say of my vote what the gallant Mercutio said of the wound he received from Tybalt, 'No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve'."

Davin was not away from the *Leader* very long before he began a new paper, *The West*, which appeared for several years. Against the *Leader* and the *Standard* (which was edited by his political opponent McInnis) the new publication had a difficult time, but it provided an outlet for the lively Davin energies.

His literary ability was adequate and at times bordered on the brilliant but it was not sustained. His able *The Irishman in Canada* was published in Toronto in 1877. This was followed by books of verse and in 1889 by *Eos, an Epic of the Dawn*, an undistinguished book of poetry published in Regina. Several years later Davin also wrote a booklet *Homes for Millions* which helped to entice more settlers to the area.

Another local writer, Mrs Kate Simpson Hayes, author of the first regional fiction in the district, was an occasional contributor to the *Leader*. Separated from her husband, town rumours linked the name of this vivacious attractive woman with the community's most eligible bachelor. The romance was of long duration, but it was finally ended in 1895. Its passing was marked by an unsigned poem in the *Leader* lamenting the death of a love. The poem was by Mrs Hayes.

Davin was a lady's man, given to mild flirtations, though he was 52 before he married in June 1895. His wife was Eliza Reid of Ottawa, a charming lady of considerable understanding who accompanied him when he made his speeches throughout his constituency.

That same month Davin made the first attempt to give women the federal franchise. He pleaded for the enfranchisement of property-owning spinsters and widows and introduced an unsuccessful bill to bring it about.

Of his masterful oratory there never was any doubt and Davin received his greatest accolade in 1897 when the federal government sent him to represent Canada at a unique celebration in Boston honouring Queen Victoria on her Diamond Jubilee.

"The heart of the British Empire," Davin said more prophetically than he knew, "is as sound as in days of yore, but it may well be that we shall see despotism and tyranny and barbarism, civilized only in the art of war, combined against this mighty empire. It may well be that we shall succumb . . . Much more likely we would send tyranny skulking to its hold cooped up in narrower bounds and make the three-crossed flag still more the world's cross of freedom. All the signs are signs of life; this Empire will become a greater blessing to mankind, a federation of free nations. . . ." His blue-blooded Boston listeners threw their napkins in the air and cheered for minutes.

After thirteen years as member for West Assiniboia, Davin finally was defeated in 1900 by Scott, the man who had succeeded him on the *Leader*. The campaign at one

stage pitted Clifford Sifton, minister of the interior and western Liberal leader, against Davin on the same platform. It was a lively meeting—Sifton fluently factual, Davin eloquent and funny—that drew great crowds. Scott's victory came in the wake of a strong campaign conducted by a well-organized Liberal party and a belief that returning prosperity was due to the Liberals.

For Davin twilight days followed. His new paper *The West* was having a difficult time. When the duke and duchess who were destined to become King George V and Queen Mary visited Regina, his name was left off the invitation list by a petty official who bore an old grudge. Speeches there were still to be made but it appeared Davin's great days were done. In October 1901 he went to Winnipeg to address a political gathering. Instead of returning to Regina the same day he spoke, as was his original plan, he stayed on for a few days at the Clarendon Hotel.

Then early on October 18th he went to Ashdown's Hardware Store and purchased a revolver, only to return an hour later because the mechanism was faulty. A couple of hours later he went back again, purchased another revolver, went by cab to the Clarendon and told the driver to wait. After two hours, the cabman notified the hotel clerk. The clerk went to Davin's room and found him on his bed dead from a bullet fired into his mouth.

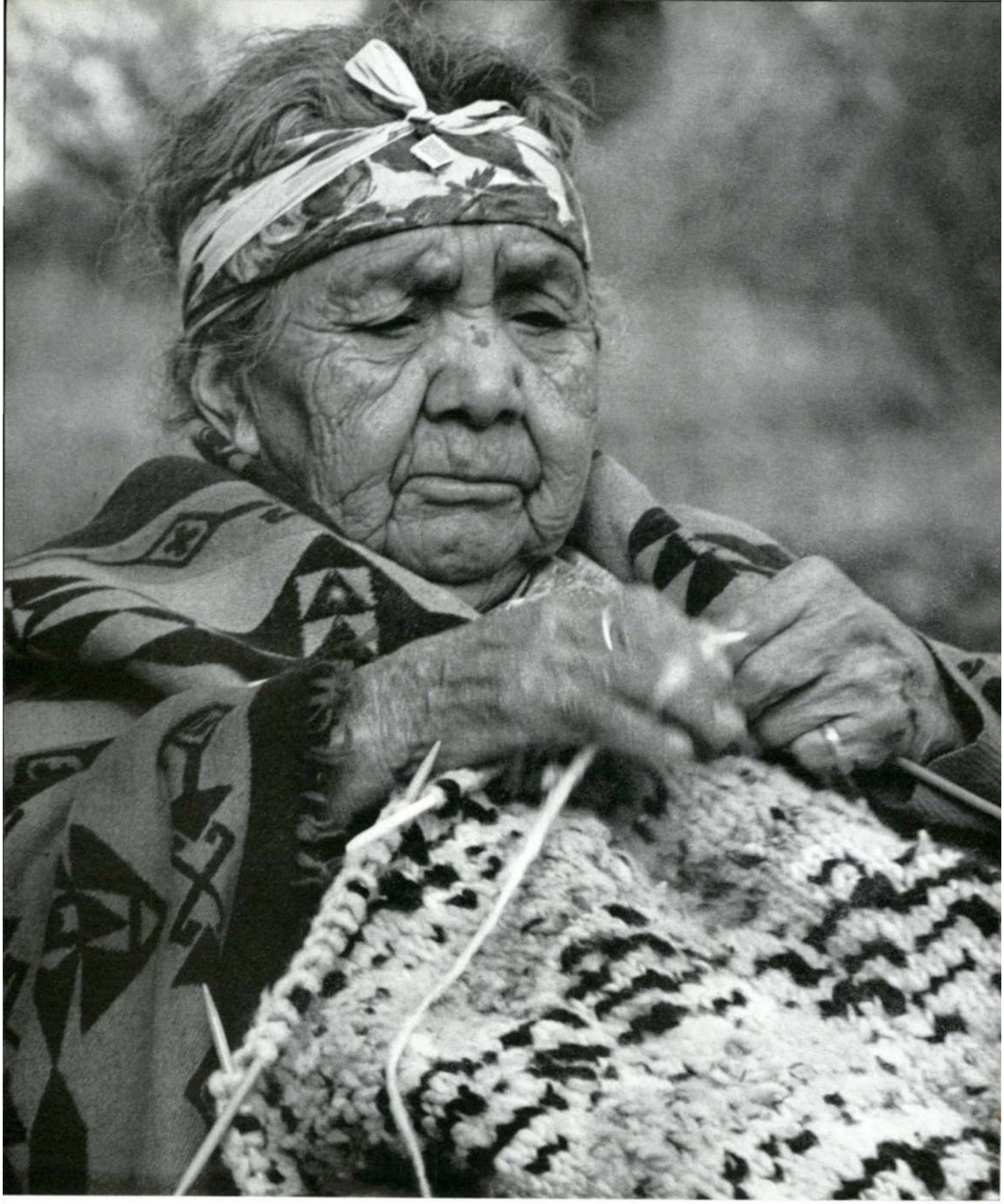
Unopened in his pocket was a letter from his wife and $6.40. There was not much more in his estate. Davin left no written explanation for his suicide. People took it to mean that, his tenure of the *Leader* ended, his political glory faded, life had lost its allure.

Near the gateway of Beechwood Cemetery in Ottawa there is a bronze bust of Davin. "This memorial" reads the inscription beneath it "has been erected by his former Parliamentary associates and other friends as a lasting proof of the esteem and affection which they entertained for one whose character and fearlessness, whose mind by vivacity and clearness of comprehension and whose classical scholarship and wide culture united to his brilliant oratory and singular wit made him eminent in debate and delightful in society. What a world of hope may be buried in a single grave."

The Bald Eagle was far from perfect. He was moody. He scattered his energies over many fields as lawyer, journalist, poet, politician and triumphed only in one—oratory. His unpredictability and diversity of talents made him the colourful figure he was. A world of hope lay buried in a single grave, but there was achievement, too. He founded a notable newspaper which gave Saskatchewan its first premier, Walter Scott. He enlivened the hard years for his territory's pioneers. He was amongst those bringing the voice of the prairies to Ottawa officially for the first time. If he failed, he did it majestically. If he succeeded in his way it was with a sweeping Irish bow and a humorous flash of eloquence. ♦

Regina in 1887, from the railway tracks near the station looking south along Broad Street to the open prairie.

The bust of Davin in Ottawa.



COWICHAN KNITTERS

BY RYAN BROTHERS

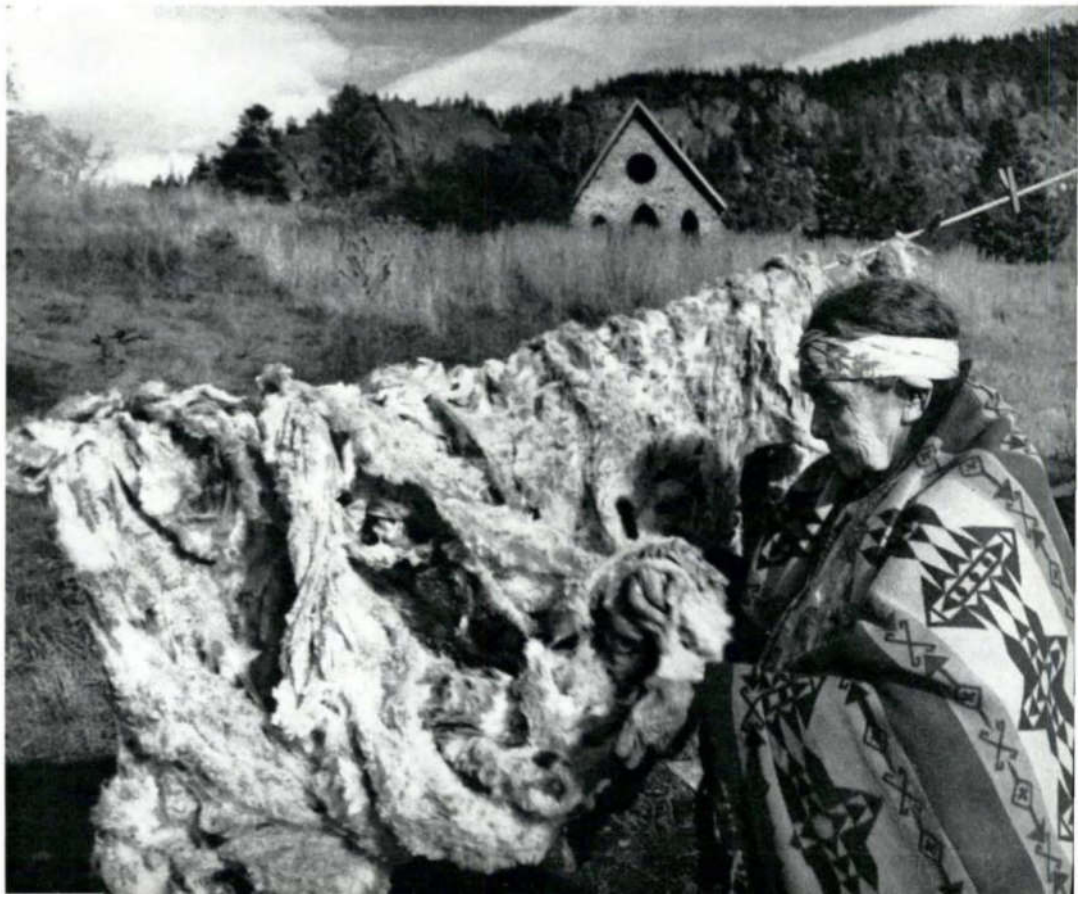
WHEN THE FIRST HANDFUL of shrewd, Scottish settlers arrived in the fertile, mist-covered Cowichan Valley of southern Vancouver Island in the 19th century, they brought with them an unusual skill. By the flickering light of oil lamps, these rugged men of Scotland and the northern isles patiently sat knitting to while away the long winter nights. In time, they passed this skill on to the Indian women among whom they lived.

Thanks in part to these pioneer Scots, the Cowichan band near Duncan, 40 miles north of Victoria, now has a thriving cottage industry, whose wares have become world-famous. And this primarily Cowichan industry has spread, with profit, to many other villages of the Coast Salish people.

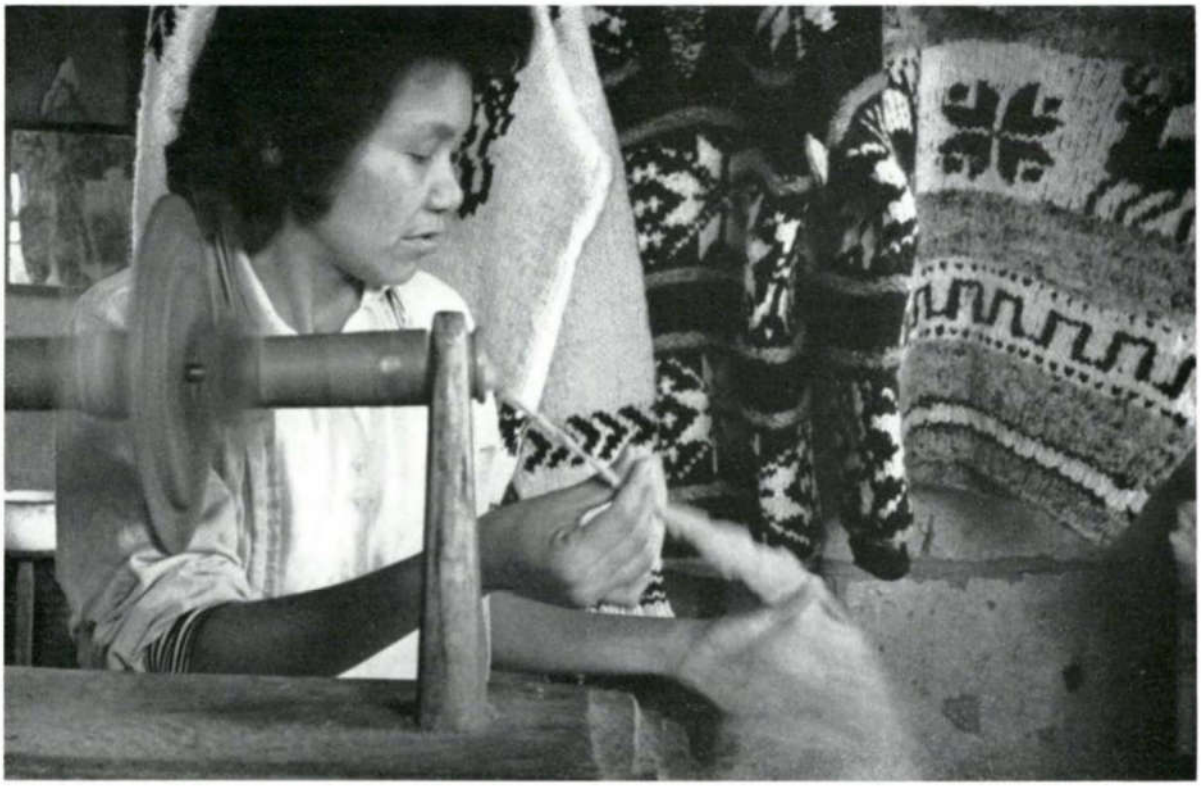
Although knitting was not an aboriginal custom, the Coast Salish had excelled in the preparation of spun wool for weaving. Once they mastered the use of needles, Cowichan women were soon turning out a sweater which quickly caught the eye of the white man. It kept its owner warm and dry in the coldest wind and rain, and stoutly resisted wear.

Today some 600 knitters produce upwards of 10,000 Cowichan sweaters a year. The majority are purchased outright by a small group of buyers who roam the Island from Saanich in the south to Nanaimo in the north several times a week, taking all the Indians can turn out. The sweaters sell in the $30 to $40 range.

The largest of these distributors is Norman Lougheed, 47-year-old owner of the Cowichan Trading Company, a colourful Indian crafts shop in downtown Victoria. He bought his first sweater for $3 at the age of 12, and turned a quick profit by selling it to a Chinese cook afflicted by the cold. Since then, Lougheed estimates he has sold 50,000 of them to customers all over the world—from status-conscious students at the University of Saskatchewan to Hollywood film stars, and American company



Octogenarian Mrs Johnny Bear, seen opposite working on a sweater, examines raw wool on a line outside her home near Duncan where it is bleaching in sun and wind. Beyond her is the abandoned stone church where the first group of Cowichan women gathered to knit.



presidents to Australian ranchers. Orders also come in from Japan, India, Great Britain and Europe. The recognized outlet for Cowichan sweaters in the United States is at Portland and Lougheed supplies it with about 1,000 sweaters a year. In Canada the sweaters may be found in large retail stores and small handicraft shops across the country.

Seven years ago, Lougheed's annual sales were 1,500 sweaters a year; now they top 7,000. His firm buys 85 per cent of all that are produced, and in 1963 he paid out $180,000 for them, and additional Indian handicrafts. One family has averaged $100 weekly through sweater sales to Lougheed, and another buys a new car each year with its knitting earnings.

Lougheed sends his buyer Bruce McLay up the Island four days a week. His arrival at each home is announced by a sharp blast on the car horn. Shyly, or sometimes with boisterous giggles, the women bring their newly-finished garments (including toques, mittens and socks) to the car. McLay measures the sweaters across the chest to determine what each is worth. Then he pays for them in cash and turns over raw wool for new sweaters. McLay enjoys his work among the friendly, reliable knitters. He visits from ten to fifteen each trip, and always stops to hear the latest family gossip.

Although the majority of the knitters are Cowichan, women of the smaller Saanich, Quamichan, Chemainus and Nanaimo bands also produce sweaters. They first came to notice about sixty years ago, and were knitted by four women in a now-abandoned stone church on a reserve near Duncan. By the late 1930s, some 500 a year were finding their way to dealers.

Fleece for the sweaters is bought from Vancouver Island sheep-ranchers who following early H B C prac-

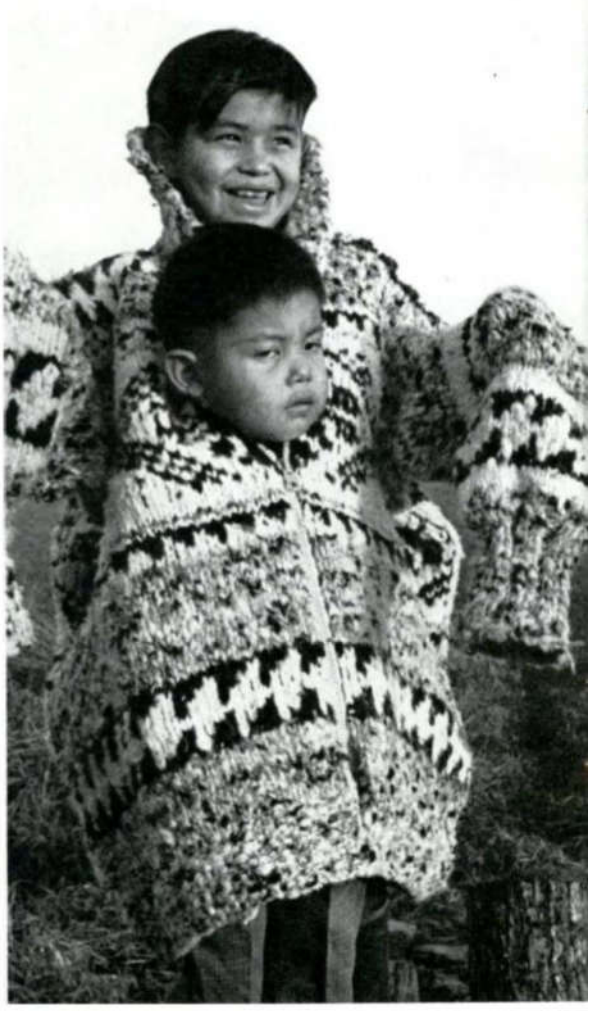
Left: Emily Tommy spins the washed and carded wool into loosely twisted yarn on a home-made treadle operated spindle. She turns out three sweaters a month, taking about three days for the actual knitting of each one.

Watched by interested small grandchildren, Mrs Pat Charlie knits while her daughter handles the frame from which the skeins of yarn will be wound into balls. Mrs Charlie, who has made more than 2,000 sweaters in the past 50 years, has taught knitting to her older granddaughters, seen below, Emily age 11 on the left, and Amelia age 17. Some children start knitting when they are eight.

tice have preserved and bred black as well as white sheep. The raw wool is lightly hand washed several times, which retains its natural lanolin; this is one reason why machine production is impractical since commercially scoured wool loses its natural waterproofing oils, a feature of the Cowichan sweater. After drying, it is teased to remove any twigs or grass and carded to straighten out the fibres. As no dyes are used, shades of grey and brown are obtained during carding by blending with the white wool that from the black sheep which ranges from deep black in lambs to rusty brown or grey in older animals. The wool is then ready for spinning into thick, loosely twisted yarn. Occasionally the old hand-spindle is used but the majority of women use treadle-operated spindles made by the men of the band, sometimes with parts from discarded sewing machines. It is this preparation of the wool that involves the greatest time and labour; the actual knitting of a sweater can be completed in two or three days. The careful preliminaries ensure indefinite wear.

Cowichan sweaters traditionally are seamless and knitted in the round, like a sock, from the bottom to the base of the armholes; then the shoulders are knitted up separately and the collar formed by an extension of the back. Eight or more hand-made wooden needles are used in the circular part of a large sweater. The garments are now also made in coat style with buttons or zip fasteners. Some of the patterns in the sweaters, each individual to the knitter, are based on the Indian basketry designs but others are taken from books or embroideries or even from the pattern on the linoleum floor.

A tribute to the skill of Vancouver Island Indians, and a recognized souvenir for distinguished visitors, Cowichan sweaters are also a reminder that a century ago knitting was anything but a feminine prerogative. The hardy Scots settlers would be delighted to know how successfully their early needlecraft lessons turned out. ◆



Queen Elizabeth admires sweaters presented to her by the Saanich chief at Nanaimo in 1959.

Above: Bruce McLay hands over payment, determined by the size of the garment, to Mrs Bear, with whom he will leave a supply of raw wool.

Far right: Billy thinks it is fun but Gordon, age 4, is not amused as they show off an outsize sweater.

Bark Canoes and Skin Boats

A review article on the book by Edwin Tappan Adney and Howard I. Chapelle which is Bulletin 230 of the Smithsonian Institution, 242 pp., illustrated; the illustrations with this article are not from the book.*

BY CLIFFORD P. WILSON
Assistant Director of the National Museum of Canada

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Fort Nelson, B.C., Indians with spruce-bark canoes.

THIS IS THE MOST DEFINITIVE WORK on the North American bark canoes ever published, and it will probably remain so for many years. The late Mr Adney was the leading authority on the subject, and anyone who saw his large and remarkable collection of canoe models in the Ethnological Museum at McGill before the last war will not soon forget either the astonishing variety of designs, or his superb craftsmanship. McGill University, in view of Montreal's connection with the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies, was of course a logical resting place for this collection. But through a somewhat involved network of circumstances it ended up in the Mariners' Museum at Newport News, Va. Mr Chapelle, curator of transportation at the U.S. National Museum, who wrote the present work, makes special acknowledgment to the Mariners' Museum for their great contribution to it.

He gives a short account of how Adney came to be interested in canoe construction, and throws some revealing sidelights on his career. He was born in 1868 in Ohio, and after studying art in New York he became interested in woods life. This was in 1887 when he went to Woodstock, New Brunswick, on a holiday and began to learn something of Indian crafts. Two years later, he and a Malecite Indian friend each built a birch-bark canoe, Adney recording, in words and sketches, every step the Indian made.

Before the outbreak of the 1914-18 war he moved from New York to Montreal, became a Canadian citizen, and joined the Royal Canadian Engineers in 1916, where he was assigned to make training models. After the war he became an honorary consultant to the Ethnological Museum at McGill, and in 1925 he began construction of his celebrated collection of models. While doing so he carried on an extensive correspondence with Indians and H B C men to make sure that every detail was right.

When he died in 1950 he was still engaged in research into the subject, and there was still much to be done in organizing his papers and notes for publication. But the Mariners' Museum, through the efforts of Frederick Hill, its director, had already acquired over 100 of his models (one of them, of a Hudson's Bay Company 36-foot freighter, is six feet long) and part of his collection of papers; and after Adney's death his son Glenn deposited the remaining papers in the museum.

Mr Hill enlisted the help of Mr Chapelle in organizing this material; but it was soon found that it was—to use the latter's phrase—"in a highly chaotic state". "It was necessary" he goes on "to redraw and complete most of Adney's scale drawings of canoes, for they were prepared

*"*The Bark Canoes and Skin Boats of North America*," *1964, available from the U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402. $3.25.*

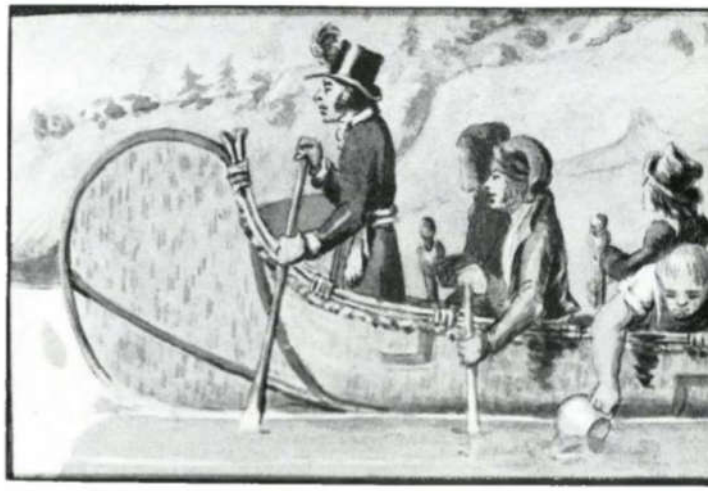
for model building rather than for publication. Where his drawings were incomplete they could be filled in from his scale models and notes. . . . the plans are highly accurate, but there are still chances for error, and these are discussed where they occur."

Readers of this magazine will possibly be interested above all in the section on Fur Trade Canoes. This occupies nearly twenty pages, and is liberally illustrated with diagrams showing the lines of various types of these freighters, as well as with photos of them. Mr Chapelle points out that an important part of Adney's work deals with the large canoes: "Adney was fortunate enough to have been able to begin his research on these canoes while there were men alive who had built and used them. As a result he obtained information that would have been lost within, at most, the span of a decade. . . . There is hardly a question concerning fur trade canoes, whether of model, construction, decoration, or use, that is not answered in his material." (p. 5)

Later he writes: "Of all birch-bark canoe forms, the most famous were the *canots du maître*, or *maître canots* (also called north canoes, great canoes, or *rabeskas*), of the great fur companies of Canada. These large canoes were developed early, as we have seen in the French colonial records, and remained a vital part of the fur trade until well toward the very end of the 19th century—two hundred years of use and development at the very least. . . . The fur trade could not have existed on a large scale without the great *maître canot* of birch bark. . . . The early exploration of the north country was largely made possible by this carrier. In fact, the great canoes of the Canadian fur trade must be looked upon as the national watercraft type, historically, of Canada." (p. 135)

One may take exception to the statement that the *canot de maître* (not "*du*" *maître*) and the North canoe were the same. The former was used on the Ottawa River and the Great Lakes, and was usually about 36 feet long. The latter operated on the narrower waters west of the Lakes and was generally about eight feet shorter. On page 151, in fact, Mr Chapelle makes a distinction between the two, stating that the *canot du nord* required only two men to carry it, while the *canot de maître* required four. Lieutenant Hood, R.N., of the first Franklin expedition, has left us a fine description of the building of a North canoe at Cumberland House in 1820. Part of it is copied here from *The Beaver* of December 1939, since it has still not been published elsewhere.

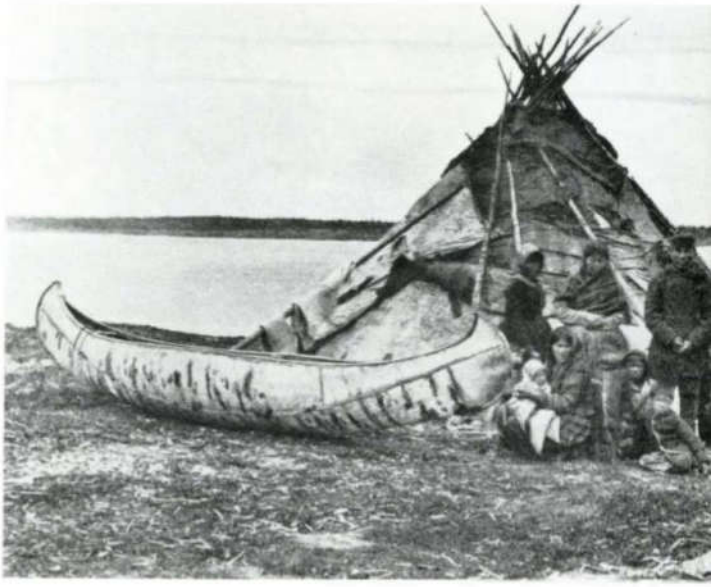
"The largest canoes are 32 feet in length, 5½ in breadth, and 2½ in depth. They are borne across the longest portages by two men: the foreman and the



"Canot de maître" of 1822, a water-colour by John Halkett of the H B C who was a passenger from Montreal. Note rise of gunwales amidships.

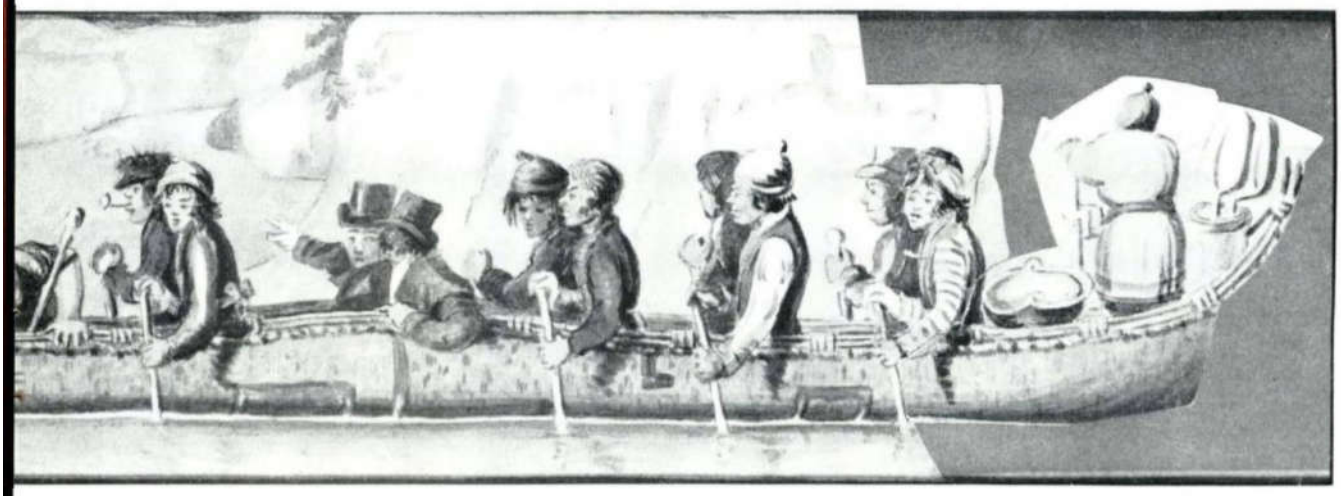
Cree crooked canoe at Fort George, Hudson Bay, in 1888.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY



H. Y. Hind exploring expedition members in 1858 with large canoe here used as a shelter on the banks of the Red River.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES



steersman; and though their materials are so light, they will carry 3200 pounds each besides the crew. A loaded canoe has 6 paddlers, two of whom sit upon each bench [or rather, the bales of goods or furs], the foreman being single, and the steersman standing in the stern with a long paddle. A lightly loaded canoe can stow conveniently 10 paddlers, and is capable of going 7 miles an hour for a whole day. The large flat heads greatly impede their speed when not paddling directly against the wind. This injudicious model has been adopted by the Canadians who imagine that it is an additional beauty."

The large, flat heads, however, had their uses: in rough water they threw aside the waves, and on shore they supported the upturned canoe at such an angle that it made a fine shelter against the rain. As for the additional beauty lent by the high prow, a quotation from one who saw Governor Simpson's North canoe on his celebrated voyage of 1828 shows that it was not all imaginary: "The Governor's canoe was the most beautiful thing of its kind I ever saw: beautiful in its lines of faultless fineness, and in its form and every feature; the bow, a magnificent curve of bark, gaudily but tastefully painted . . . the paddles, painted red with vermilion, were made to match, and the whole thing in its kind was of faultless grace and beauty."

An unexpected sidelight on the construction of the North canoe is found in Alexander Mackenzie's journal of his historic voyage to the Pacific and back. On 20 August 1793, while they were camped at the head of the Rocky Mountain Portage on the Peace River, Mackenzie and one of his men "took the canoe asunder, to cleanse her of the dirt, and expose her lining and timbers to the air, which would render her much lighter." Before nightfall they had put her together again, and she "was ready to be carried in the morning".

Many readers will be surprised to see by the diagrams in this section of the book that the sides of these fur trade canoes amidships are shown sloping outward at a considerable angle from the bilge to the gunwale. (pp. 134-143). This is all the more surprising when one considers the paintings by Frances Hopkins ("Voyageurs' Artist", *Beaver*, June 1947, and pp. 138-142 in the volume under review) who travelled many hundreds of miles in the Company canoes, and who is considered the most accurate contemporary recorder of the appearance of these picturesque craft. None of her paintings suggest such a slope except the one on p. 139. In fact the famous "Hudson's Bay Canoe Running the Rapids" (p. 141) shows it from almost bow-on, and the side, far from leaning out, shows considerable "tumble-home"—that is, it curves in as it nears the gunwale.

Mr Chapelle points out, however (in correspondence with this reviewer) that the Hopkins paintings are not all to be relied on for accurate representation of hull forms, and mentions this painting specifically as showing faulty perspective. This is noticeable in the excessive amount of gunwale showing on the starboard side of the bow—a feature which is even more pronounced in her painting of the canoes on Lake Superior (*Beaver*, June 1947, p. 33).

He also calls attention to figures 138 and 142 in his book, both of them photographs of big birch-barks showing the midship flare. He adds that Adney carried on an extensive correspondence on this point with L. A. Christopherson, who had served the Company from 1874 to 1919 at posts in western Quebec. Christopherson supplied most valuable information on the construction methods of fur trade canoes, and much of this is given on pp. 145-151. "As a result," writes Mr Chapelle, "I am quite sure Adney's drawings and models represented the standard fur trade canoe though, of course, there must have been canoes that departed from the standard."

One occasional feature of the *canot de maître* not specifically mentioned in this book as applying to that craft is the slight rise in the gunwale amidships where the passengers sat, as illustrated in the water colour by John Halkett. (Incidentally, this sketch shows better than any other picture known to this reviewer the ragamuffin

ALBERTA GOVERNMENT, ERNEST BROWN COLLN.

Dogrib Indians landing to trade at Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake in 1901, photographed by C. W. Mathers.

North canoe "Rob Roy" near Chibougamau, 1892. (This is not the freighter of the same name referred to by Mr Chapelle on p. 147 of his book, which was 36 feet long.)

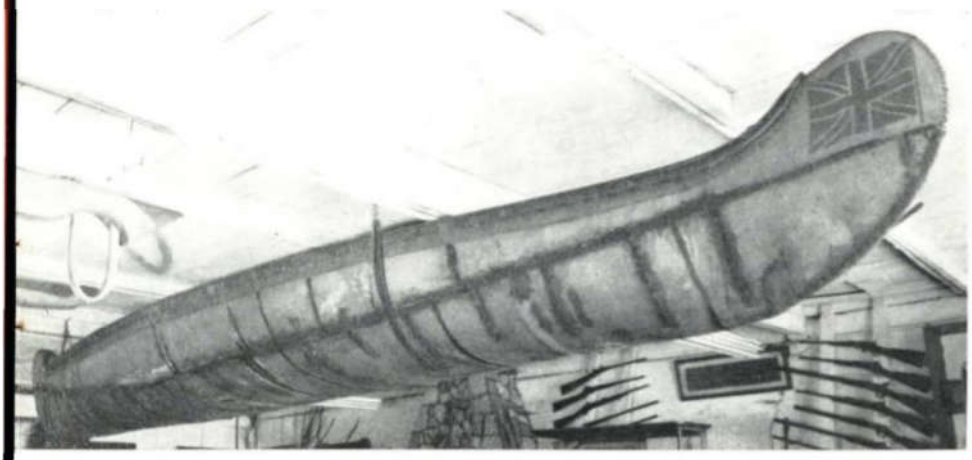
GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

appearance of the crew, as mentioned by Bigsby in his *Shoe and Canoe*, v. 1, p. 132.)

Mr Chapelle points out that these big canoes were by no means limited to the period of the British regime in Canada. Judging by the evidence offered in such records as those of Champlain and La Hontan, he believes that the Indians may have built canoes 5 to 5½ fathoms long in the earlier days of the French colony. La Hontan definitely states that the "great Canows . . . proper for Martial Expeditions" run to 28 feet long, and "will easily afford stowage for fourteen persons; tho' they are commonly mann'd only with three men, when they are imploy'd in transporting Provisions and Merchandize; and even then they'll carry twenty hundred weight."

It is realized that this lively writer is looked upon askance as a sort of 17th century Munchausen by the many who resent his gossipy remarks on certain aspects of life in New France. But as Stephen Leacock says: "The great value of [99 percent of] Lahontan's writing . . . lies in its exactness, in the picture which it produces of the actual facts." Certainly his description of the big canoes and their use which forms the substance of his Letter VI, "dated at Monreal June 20, 1684", agrees in almost every particular with those of later writers.

As the colony grew and the fur trade prospered, the Indians could no longer be depended on to supply all the large canoes required for transportation of men and cargoes, and the French themselves set up a canoe



Birch-bark canoes preserved in the museum of the Chippewa County Historical Society at the Michigan Sault. The one on the left is 26 feet long and 50 inches wide. It was in mail service out of Sault Ste Marie, Ontario, early this century. The Ojibwa canoe, below, is 21 feet long; the dip net was for scooping whitefish out of St Mary's Rapids.

MATERNA

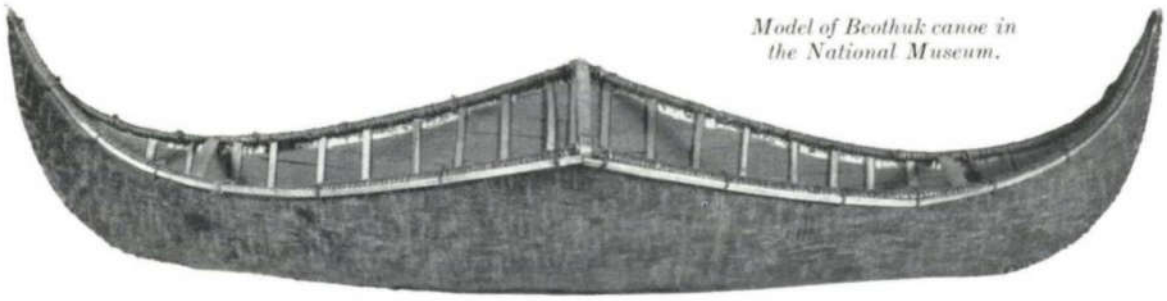
factory at Three Rivers. By 1750, and possibly much earlier, says Mr Chapelle, they were turning out standard canoes 36 feet long, about 5½ feet wide, and 33 inches deep. Thus the six-fathom birch-barks for the Great Lakes were in use over a century before the end of the French regime.

One gathers that when the book went to press Mr Chapelle was unaware that there were two old birch-bark canoes, 21 and 26 feet long, still preserved in Michigan, photos of which are reproduced here. These are among the few originals of their kind extant. The larger craft was one of two used in the Dominion Government's mail service out of Sault Ste Marie, Ontario, about the turn of the century.

In 1907 they were discarded, but were rescued from destruction by one Michel Cadotte who repaired them on orders from Judge J. A. Colwell of the Michigan Sault. The judge then presented one to the St Mary's River Boat Club on the Canadian side, and the other to the Country Club on the American side. The former had a Union Jack painted on the bow and a blue ensign on the stern, and bore six notches on the gunwale to record six trips to Moose Factory and back by way of the Michipicoten-Missinaibi route. In 1939 this reviewer tried to buy this canoe for the H B C museum but the offer was refused. A week later the Boat Club burnt down, aided no doubt by the brittle birch bark of the great canoe up on the rafters. An account of the fire in the *Sault Daily Star* of 31 October 1939 states that this canoe was used by Colonel Wolseley on his Red River Expedition of 1870 (see illustration in *Beaver*, June 1947, p. 34). But this seems improbable.

The canoe on the American side was transferred to the Chippewa County Historical Society museum where it is still preserved, hanging beside a graceful 21-footer which was used for scoop-fishing in the St Mary's rapids.

In dealing with the bark canoes designed or evolved by various tribes of Indians, Mr Chapelle gives them regional classifications under Eastern Maritime, Central Canada, and Northwestern Canada. Shapes varied considerably, the extreme oddities being the Beothuks' of Newfoundland, and the sturgeon-nosed models of the Shuswap and Kootenay about which there was an article by Dr Leechman in *The Beaver*, Spring 1962. There is a Kootenay canoe in the National Museum, but any reconstructions of the Beothuk canoe are founded, as the author admits, on very slim evidence. Mr Adney made a sketch (p. 95) based on this evidence, which shows it with high peaked ends and a high rise in the gunwales amidships. But this rise is not as high as in some small, well-made models in the National Museum, one of which has peaked gunwales in the centre as well as peaked ends.



Model of Beothuk canoe in the National Museum.

Basil Frank and his wife of Creston, B.C., making the framework for a Kootenay canoe in 1959. Mr Frank is shown paddling the finished sturgeon-nose craft which is now in the National Museum.

NATIONAL MUSEUM

Lieutenant John Cartwright, R.N., writes of a canoe he saw in 1767 made with these centre peaks, but Mr Chapelle believes it must have been a damaged one, and considers that some models found in the grave of a Beothuk boy, with only a hump amidships, provide more reliable evidence. All agree, however, on the V-form cross section which allowed the canoe to be heeled to an angle of about 35° without swamping.

The other outlandish canoe design, the sturgeon-nose of the southern B.C. interior, is described and illustrated on pp. 168-9 and 172-3. But unfortunately the author does not give reasons for the choice of this curious ramended form. He remarks, however, that they paddled well in strong winds as well as smooth water and rushes, but were rather unstable.

In this review it is of course impossible to deal with the designs of all the native types of bark canoes; but perhaps it will be useful to mention that the following tribal types are also described and illustrated: Micmac, Malecite, St Francis, Eastern Cree, Tête-de-Boule, Algonkin, Iroquois, Ojibway, Western Cree, and various Athapascan designs such as Chipewyan, Dogrib, etc.

The last 56 pages of this book are devoted to the skin kayaks and umiaks of the Eskimos from Alaska to Greenland.

The umiaks, open boats of seal skin or split walrus hide stretched over a wooden framework, and ranging from about 15 to 60 feet in length, were used for transporting people and their belongings by sea, and also for sea hunting. Many years have passed, however, since they were used for hunting in the Eastern Arctic. Thomas Simpson used an "Oomiak or family canoe" in 1837, during the most westerly part of his exploration of the arctic coast as far as Point Barrow, where he planted the Company flag. This "strange craft", he relates, was fitted with four oars. "The waves ran high, and the skin boat surmounted them with a buoyancy which far surpassed that of our boasted north canoes."

As for the type used in the Hudson Strait area, Mr Chapelle states that no models or photos have been found of the extinct types once used there. The Canadian explorer A. P. Low took an informative photo of one at sea in 1897, which well shows the shape of the boat and the type of cargo it carried—dogs, sleds, skin-stretchers,

Two-manhole kayak of type used around Belcher Islands during 1950s.

tents, children, and so on—as well as how the women rowed it, two to each of the two oars, and the man who steered it with a rudder. This last feature was copied from the white man's boats, as the primitive craft was steered with a paddle, and paddles were used to propel it. This is seen on a drill-bow of ivory in the National Museum, about 500 years old, which was found in a grave in northern Baffin Island, and bears several crude etchings, including one of an umiak being used in whale hunting. Strangely enough, the designs of the bow and stern of this Thule Culture umiak closely resemble those of the Caribou Eskimo kayak, with long stem-piece projecting horizontally and high stern piece at an angle of about 45°. (Fig. 193)

In the early 1820s Captain G. F. Lyon of H.M.S. *Hecla* drew a picture of a "woman's boat" on the north side of Hudson Strait, reproduced in his *Private Journal* of 1824 (*The Beaver* Spring 1963, p. 46). This was propelled by two oars and steered by a third. When Franz Boas visited Baffin Island about sixty years later, the Eskimos were still using paddles or oars for steering most of the time, but rudders were occasionally found.

Not for several years have umiaks been used in the Canadian Eastern Arctic, and so, while Eskimos who had built and used them were still alive, the National Museum had one built at Ivuyivik on Hudson Strait in 1960, and this is now to be seen in the Eskimo Hall at the museum. Close by are six kayaks which show the differences in design and size in various regions—Alaska, Mackenzie Delta, Coronation Gulf, Caribou Eskimo, Hudson Strait, and Greenland. The Caribou Eskimo specimen is covered with seal skin, since it was collected on the sea coast. When used inland the framework would be covered with caribou skin. Most of these six types, and many more, are dealt with in this book.

Today in Canada the skin kayak is becoming a rarity, even in its last stronghold, the Eastern Arctic. Yet about a dozen years ago an interesting new development took place in the Belcher Islands—the addition of another manhole (something like the Aleutian two-holed *baidarky*) accommodating a second paddler to help cope with the rough waters and strong currents in that part of Hudson Bay. This type is now no longer in use, but before they became extinct one was ordered for the National Museum, where it may now be seen. ◆

Loaded Hudson Strait umiak, 1897. Women row two to an oar, one facing forward, the other aft. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

NORTHERN BOOKS

THE INDIAN HISTORY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, Volume I: The Impact of the White Man

By Wilson Duff. Anthropology in British Columbia Memoir No. 5, 1964. Provincial Museum of British Columbia, Victoria, B.C. 117 pages, bibliog., illus. $1.00

Reviewed by Erna Gunther

We have here another of the excellent publications of the Provincial Museum of Natural History and Anthropology of British Columbia. The present book deals with the Indian in a historical framework rather than in the traditional ethnographic or problem oriented manner. "The Impact of the White Man" is traced from its beginning with the 18th century explorers and fur traders to the present. It covers the official definitions of an Indian, his legal status, the size and distribution of the Indian population, and some of the social and economic aspects of their lives. Each of these categories is followed through with statistics and charts based on careful research. These necessary and useful facts are so often needed in many types of modern research that one wishes other governmental units would make similar publications available.

Mr Wilson Duff, the author, needs no introduction to the anthropological audience of the Northwest Coast. He has published often in various government series and has initiated and carried out many research projects in the area. He brings to this study more than a decade of intense experience and research results among the Indians of British Columbia, especially the coastal tribes. The charts and statistics mentioned are interspersed with pertinent examples of the difference between the basic philosophy of life of the Indian and the white man, and the historical results of these conflicts, as well as efforts which have been made toward adjustments. He does not hesitate to point out some of the disastrous effects of the impact of European ideas of civilization on the Indian culture and the misinterpretations on the parts of both Indians and whites of each other's ways.

The white man found in the British Columbia tribes one of the most highly developed social systems among American Indians and the absence of a strong government. When British Columbia was settled by Europeans and the "law of the land" was extended to the native people many conflicts and disparities arose. The powerful tribes like the Haida and Tsimshian counted their inheritance through the mother, a person had not one, but several names during his lifetime, and the ownership of land was a matter of use and not specifically individual as Europeans would have it. As they were forced to give up these concepts, their culture began to crumble under the impact and the problem facing these people was whether they could adjust to what changes were demanded of them and still maintain their identity as a people or whether they would be assimilated and disappear into the population. These problems are handled not in the customary sociological or anthropological manner, but in concise statements supported by statistics and historical facts. The organization of this material is thoughtfully done so that it can be used easily.

The book is well published with a good type face and good reproductions of some of the historically important photographs of A. H. Maynard. There is no index but the table of contents is sufficiently complete to serve this purpose. The publication is announced as Volume 1 of *The Indian History of British Columbia* and its character makes one watch eagerly for a continuation of the series, especially if it reaches the high standard set by this beginning.

Dr Gunther, director of the Washington State Museum in Seattle and former professor of anthropology at the University of Washington, is a well known authority on the West Coast Indians.

THE BEAVER MEN
Spearheads of Empire

By Mari Sandoz. Hastings House, New York; S. J. Reginald Saunders, Toronto, 1964. 335 pages, bibliography, index, illus. $7.50.

Reviewed by Lewis H. Thomas

Mari Susette Sandoz is best known for the prize-winning biography of her father, a hard-bitten Nebraska pioneer of the 1880s who was brilliantly and realistically portrayed in *Old Jules*, published in 1935. Since then Miss Sandoz has produced more than a dozen books, including fiction, biography, and popular historical narratives, all set in the Great Plains region of the United States during the last half of the 19th century. Indians, cattlemen, buffalo hunters, farmers, and speculators are vividly and dramatically portrayed in these works, which display sharply varying historical originality and literary merit. Miss Sandoz can write convincingly and with striking effect, but her writing is sometimes over-imaginative and superficial. Like many popular writers who essay historical themes, she is at her best when dealing with material close to her own experience—in this case the life of the cattlemen and farmers of the central plains of the American West.

In *The Beaver Men* Miss Sandoz has been much more ambitious than in any of her earlier books, for she has attempted to describe and interpret the whole intricate story of the North American fur trade from its earliest beginnings down to the middle of the last century, and within a geographic setting extending from Atlantic to Pacific and from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson Bay. She has again applied the formula which distinguishes much of her work—semi-imaginative historical reconstruction, sketchy summaries of complex events, and the selective presentation of dramatic episodes culled from the literature of the field. But her canvas is much too vast, and her historical knowledge too limited, for the successful application of this technique to the history of the beaver trade, and the result is a superficial and often inaccurate picture of men and events.

As history this book is not to be taken seriously, since it ignores the work of such authorities as H. A. Innis, A. S. Morton, D. G. Creighton, and G. C. Davidson. In general, the treatment of the Canadian fur trade in *The Beaver Men* is woefully inadequate when one considers the relative importance of that trade in the continental setting. The map of the beaver and aspen regions of North America on page 24 shows the true proportions of the Canadian trade,

and should have guided the author on her selection of material. But Lewis and Clark are assigned forty-three pages, Alexander Mackenzie three, and Samuel Hearne two, to cite but one example of this imbalance. One can perhaps overlook such statements as the one that the war of the Spanish Succession was "mostly fought in America" (Shades of the Duke of Marlborough!) but the sustained animus against Champlain is insufferable, and reveals a complete misunderstanding of his motives and activities.

Apart from its inadequacies in the presentation of historical facts and interpretation, *The Beaver Men* has very serious limitations as a popular literary work. There is a vast amount of tedious, confusing, and inconsequential detail, which will certainly repel the average reader. Only rarely, as in her evocative reconstruction of the Indians' responses to the white traders' activities, and in her descriptions of the habits of the beaver, does the Sandoz genius shimmer in the murky waters.

Dr Thomas, formerly Provincial Archivist of Saskatchewan, is Associate Professor of History at the University of Alberta in Edmonton.

ANIMALS OF THE ARCTIC
In Action and Adventure

By Alfred Powers. David McKay Company, New York, 1965. 272 pages, illus. $4.95 (U.S.)

Reviewed by William O. Pruitt, Jr.

Here is a book that makes a biologist grind his teeth in frustration. It is a hodge-podge of misinformation, written in a "cute" journalese, and with quotes (sometimes up to four pages in length) from such writers as Scoresby, Frobisher, a "young Siberian," an "unnamed Siberian exile," Baron Wrangell, Greely, even Duppa Crotch and Dr Frederick Cook. Bits and snatches were apparently left out in the editing, with the result that paragraphs from different stories follow one another in bewildering confusion.

In order to give an idea of the wide range of error, here follow a few corrections and comments.

Muskox did not become extinct in Alaska 150 years ago; they existed in the wild on the Arctic Slope until sometime between 1858 and 1870. Muskox horns do not meet across the forehead; that is a characteristic of *Symbos*, the extinct Pleistocene "woodland muskox".

There is a four-page "chapter" on the ferocity of the extinct sabretooths and the author obviously uses this intrusive device to build up a questionable association with the lynx in the following chapter.

It is doubtful if any possible differences in vitamin content of food had anything to do with the disparity in horn-size between Rocky Mountain Sheep and Dall Sheep. One must not forget factors such as genetics, natural selection and behaviour. Moreover, lichens constitute only a minute or accidental portion of Dall Sheep diet.

Wolverine claws are not "ivory white". In the colour description of wolverine the author does not mention the usually-conspicuous pale lateral stripe.

The book states that the weasel does not shed its coat to become ermine (which it, in fact, does) but that "Nature transforms him back and forth through some mysterious process".

The author totally misunderstands the anatomy and probable function of the double claws of *Dicrostonyx*, the Collared Lemming. He also confusingly intersperses statements about *Dicrostonyx* with quotes about *Lemmus*, the Brown Lemming.

There is repeated the now-disproved old wives' tale about white fur being a better insulator than dark.

As to marine mammals, the author specifically states that "seals" (apparently Ringed Seals from the context, although the chapter-head sketch is of a Harp Seal) are limited in their activity to the distance they can swim with one breath around *one* breathing hole!

The book notes that in 1945, on the 275th anniversary of the incorporation of the H B C, the Governor presented the Queen with five matched marten skins. Then follows a most amazing imaginary conversation that *might* have taken place between the Queen and the Governor regarding the authenticity of the skins!

That should be a sufficient sample of the errors and misconceptions in this strange and really unfortunate book. It is, however, nicely bound and some of the sketches by Larry Toschik are quite pleasing.

A biologist who has specialized in northern mammals, Dr Pruitt, formerly a resident of Alaska, is visiting associate professor of zoology at the University of Oklahoma.

DISCOVERY
The Autobiography of Vilhjalmur Stefansson

McGraw-Hill, New York, 1964. 411 pages, map, index, illus. $8.75.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

This is Stef's "Book of Stef", and a mighty fine book it is. A photographic memory, a bewildering array of facts, and a love of anecdote all combine to make it first-rate reading.

"Ah, yes, but—," some readers will say. "Ah, yes, but what?" "He's presenting himself as he sees himself, and that in the best light he can throw on his subject." Of course he is, and who wouldn't? Many a time the question has been asked, and in a hundred sets of circumstances, "Was Stef right?" Well, Stef thought he was right at the time, and still thought so pretty nearly always, right up to the end of the last page. And, most of the time, perhaps, he was really right.

Born of Icelandic immigrant parents in Arnes, Manitoba, on 3 November 1879, his family moved while he was still quite small across the line into the Dakotas and here he grew up, a typical farm boy of his day, mingling with Indians and with signs of the recently vanished buffalo all about him. As he grew up, other things attracted him, learning and teaching and, surprisingly enough, the church. It's hard to imagine Stef as a divinity student, but that's what he was for a while. He put in a year at the University of Iowa, and three in Harvard and it was here that his attention was drawn to anthropology. Two archaeological expeditions to Iceland confirmed him in this interest and he wondered where he should go next. "Africa?" he asked himself. No; the Arctic; and so, almost by chance, his course was set.

Two preliminary expeditions in 1906 and 1907, some years with Dr R. M. Anderson (1908-1912) and then the famed Canadian Arctic Expedition from 1913 to 1918, his last great venture. From then on it was writing his numerous books, lecturing, advising, accumulating the best Polar library extant, consulting with authorities in the Second World War, and the compiling of the Encyclopedia Arctica that took up his time.

A man so vigorous and so impatient of obstacles, human or inanimate, was sure to meet, and to cause, a certain amount of friction. He got into a good many scientific controversies, and a few less firmly based in science. One or two of them made quite a bit of noise in the scientific world at the

time, but the passing of the years has done quite a lot to change the perspective and, somehow, these things seem much less important today than they did then.

His actual accomplishments are the things that were, and still are, important. He was the last of the great explorers of the old school, the men who went on foot, with dogs at times and with boats at others, but, in the main, on foot. He was most emphatically not of the old school, however, when it came to provisions and equipment. He saw that the Eskimo lived in the Arctic by his own efforts and became convinced that any intelligent white man could do the same if he was prepared to give up some of the misapprehensions and preconceptions that bedevilled him. This idea started one of the big rows, and this time he was right, for he showed conclusively by his own example that a white man could live as well as can the Eskimo. Some men, yes; not all.

His admiration of the Eskimo increased as he got to know him better, to speak enough of his language to make talk easy and, as he shared in his hunting and fishing, he grew to know and understand ever more. The Eskimo language, he insisted, was capable of more exact and more sensitive expression than any other and the Eskimo diet was by far the best the world had known. Food had interested Stef since he was a young man, when he noted carefully the diets of the various groups of settlers about him in the Dakotas.

He discovered new lands and new people, notably the "blond" Eskimos, the central figures in yet another hilarious skirmish. With a little skilful confusion by the newspaper boys, the story grew to the grotesque suggestion that here were what we might call the lost tribes of Iceland, the direct descendants of Leif Ericsson. After making all allowances for exaggeration, the scientists allowed him only a partial success in this round.

In his expedition to Australia, in an effort to show that a bright young man can survive in a hot desert as well as in a cold one, he never actually put it to the test as far as can be discovered. I think he lost that round.

Certain it is that no man has devoted himself so wholeheartedly to the study of the Arctic and none knew its lore and its literature better. All his knowledge and that of his colleagues was to be combined in the Encyclopedia Arctica, started in 1946, supported by the U.S. Office of Naval Research, only to be dropped a short time later, one of the most unfortunate abortive efforts in Arctic geography.

His later years in Vermont, in a delightful old house, where last I stayed with him, surrounded by his beloved books and papers were good years. He was determined, he said, to live to be a hundred or die in the attempt. Here he had good friends, good arguments, good laughter, good music, good food and drink, and a good life. Best of all a good wife. To know her as she deserves to be known, one should read her contribution to Stef's book, the proud and touching last chapter.

As a job of writing, he did this, his last book, well, for it was his swan song and his fulfilment. On every page I could hear his voice and see his face.

"Discovery has been my life," he wrote. "First the discovery, as a boy, of the New World. Then the discovery of ancient people and unknown lands, and now, at last, the discovery of what discovery itself has done to my life." He finished the manuscript a week before his death. As he checked the last page he must have felt, indeed he may even have said, "*consummatum est*".

Dr Leechman, now retired but actively writing and lecturing, was formerly chief archaeologist for the National Museum of Canada.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FIREARMS

Edited by Harold L. Peterson. E. P. Dutton, New York; Clark, Irwin, Toronto, 1964. 367 pages, drawings, 300 photographs. $13.50

Reviewed by R. W. Sutton

The history of firearms is a long one, spanning at least seven centuries in time, and involving an incredible variety of weapons. An attempt to assemble even the major developments in this field within a single volume is a task likely to dismay the most dauntless editor. Presenting such material in a form both useful and readable requires the editor to teeter precariously between thoughtful selection and ruthless rejection while maintaining a proper balance. Bearing in mind the limitations imposed by a one-volume work, one can only conclude that Mr Peterson has done an admirable job.

As a firearms historian of international repute, Mr Peterson is no doubt aware that many firearms specialists will feel that his book is not sufficiently detailed in some aspects. In fact, this book is not intended for the specialist. It is, however, a thoroughly useful work for the general library, the small museum, or the amateur collector. Indeed, wherever firearms are dealt with casually, wherever general questions on guns—historically, mechanically or decoratively—must be answered, the present volume will solve many problems.

Peterson has, very wisely, retained the services of top-ranking authorities in America, Britain and Europe. In all, some forty-five of these men have contributed, each to that segment of the firearms field in which he is most qualified. Some 250 entries are involved, arranged alphabetically from A (Accessories) to W (Windage). Heavy armament is not dealt with, but in the relatively "portable" category material ranges from the earliest hand cannon to the machine guns of recent times. Because of the alphabetical listing one is constantly confronted not only with the subject being investigated—say, Musketoon—but with the next, and often quite irrelevant entry, e.g. Muzzle Brake. As a result one tends to browse along

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from one intriguing item to the next, gathering information on percussion systems, petronels, plains rifles, primers, proof marks and so on. All subjects are quite well covered, and for those requiring more detailed knowledge in any specific field, a bibliography of source material is appended to each item.

The illustrations, including the many photographs, are uniformly good. The colour plates are truly impressive, their quality contrasting oddly with the unexciting choice of text paper. Mr Peterson's book (one tends to read it as a book rather than an encyclopaedia) fulfils a useful purpose. It is a handsome volume, designed to give pleasure while imparting knowledge.

Mr Sutton is director of the Manitoba Museum and an expert on old guns.

WILD CAPTIVES

By Donald G. Dodds. Illustrated by Ronald Andrews. Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1965. 110 pages. $3.95

Reviewed by William O. Pruitt, Jr.

Only rarely does a book such as this appear. The descriptive phrases "sensitive," and "sometimes inspired" come to mind. The slim volume consists of a series of detailed, personalized accounts of the interwoven lives of eleven kinds of mammals in the Newfoundland taiga.

The title, *Wild Captives*, is misleading, since it conjures up visions of zoos or menageries. The animals are indeed wild; they are not, however, living free, since their ultimate survival, as individuals and species, lies in the sometimes-bloody hands of egocentric, unthinking mankind, who himself stills lives a captive of the anti-ecological Judeo-Christian philosophy of "dominion over the beasts of the field". The lynx dies in an abandoned and forgotten hare snare; the moose is run down by a speeding lumber truck; the wolverine is taken by a trapper who cannot even identify him.

The caribou story is the one that cuts to the quick. A remnant band of caribou shrinks into oblivion as, year by year, poachers pick away their numbers. And irrational man tries to put the blame on everything but himself.

Even inspired writing sometimes errs. Caribou, in my experience, habitually lie facing downwind, not upwind. One may question whether most creatures know fear, at least fear as humans interpret it. Our idea of fear depends on a concept of the future, of time after the present, and I doubt if most mammals (particularly hares or caribou) possess the nervous system organization necessary for such thought processes. They certainly do not remember fear from one moment to the next. The book would have been better without the drawings since most of them represent bloated, immobile and lifeless things that resemble in no way the breathing, pulsating and warm-blooded creatures delineated by words. The use of Burgess-like personal names for the animals sometimes lessens the impact of the account. Writing such as this does not require gimmicks. But, make no mistake, these dramatized life-histories are on a literary par with some of the writings of Seton and of Sally Carrighar's classics *One Day on Beetle Rock* and *One Day on Teton Marsh*.

I would like to see *Wild Captives* put in every schoolroom across Canada and Alaska, and a copy in the hands of every politician whose vote can govern whether rational, sustained yield or grasping exploitation comes to the land and its life.

SAMUEL HEARNE AND THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

By Gordon Speck. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 1963. 337 pages, maps, illus., index. $6.00 (U.S.)

Reviewed by Flora Hamilton Burns

In the opening words of this challenging book Mr Gordon Speck pays Samuel Hearne the tribute he so well deserves, a tribute denied him for centuries. He regards Hearne as a great and almost unique figure in the history of exploration, stating:

> Two eminent explorers of modern times stand out as great and gentle men: Vitus Bering and Samuel Hearne. Each refused to use his position to save his life or drive his men to reach a goal. Each eschewed ruthless leadership for kindly persuasion and each reaped suffering and a shortened life for his consideration of others. But they were great and splendid voyagers for all of that.

The ensuing pages bring to life this unassuming and courageous man who accomplished an undertaking which has never been paralleled in this hemisphere.

The author places Hearne in the setting of his age, against the background of the knowledge and beliefs of his day. One of the most strongly held beliefs was the fixed concept of a waterway through the North American continent, linking the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—the fabled Strait of Anian or Northwest Passage. Mr Speck summarizes the origin and growth of this belief which coloured the thinking of cartographers, explorers, adventurers and commercial organizations from the time of Columbus until the Franklin search finally dispelled it. From the maze of age-old controversies over Hearne's routes, his qualifications as an explorer and his qualities as a leader Mr Speck has rescued this young man of twenty-four who established, over a period of twenty-seven months, what three hundred years' search had failed to disclose, namely, that North America extended to the Arctic Ocean and that no Northwest Passage existed through the interior of the continent.

Mr Speck has brought scholarship, exhaustive research and a strong feeling for dramatic narrative, as well as sympathy and understanding, to his critical study of Hearne. He has left no stone unturned in his endeavour to gain new light on Hearne's early life, and the range of his enquiries is impressive. In a most skilful manner the author has transformed Hearne's descriptions of the country, the aboriginal inhabitants and their customs, the animal and plant life, and the day to day events of his journeys into the constantly moving and changing background against which Hearne and his companions lived and acted, in such a way that all come alive, and we experience the sensation of living and moving with him. By interweaving direct quotations from Hearne's journal Mr Speck brings animation and immediacy to the scenes described. Modern exploration and knowledge has proved the accuracy of Hearne's descriptions and observations.

The story of the former Naval cabin boy who walked across the unknown, unexplored, apparently limitless wastes of the Barren Grounds of North America, from Hudson Bay to the northeastern arms of Great Slave Lake and north to the Arctic Ocean at the mouth of the Coppermine River, stands alone in the annals of exploration. "Many," observes the author, "had lived among or travelled with the Indians as guides, but only Samuel Hearne took a shaving kit, an extra shirt, and a superb faith in

his own destiny and deliberately began a major exploration without any other help than that which he could induce the Indians to give by lengthy persuasion." Undoubtedly this was the secret of his success.

When Hearne's journal and first two maps reached the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company in London they were impressed by his achievements and "his great assiduity" in his different journeys, and showed their satisfaction by giving him an increase in salary, a substantial bonus, and appointing him Governor of Fort Prince of Wales two years later. However, his claim to have reached the Arctic Ocean, discovered the copper mines and Great Slave Lake, and to have completely disproved the existence of the Strait of Anian was not accepted in certain scientific and Naval circles. He was also severely criticized, both by his contemporaries and later writers, for "permitting" the Indians to massacre the Eskimos and for surrendering Fort Prince of Wales to the French in 1782.

The author brings clear judgment to bear on Hearne's character and qualifications, and without romanticizing him, analyzes his personality and is able to refute the charges of callousness, lack of decision and leadership, and the epithets "craven," "panic-stricken" and "cowardice" which have been hurled at Hearne during the past two centuries.

Those familiar with Hearne's career will welcome this book with its vindication of his character. Those to whom Hearne may not be so well known will find that a new door has been opened into the history of Canada's great northland. During recent years, with the gradual opening up of the country, the development of aerial photography and mapping, and the outstanding work of Dr J. B. Tyrrell and others in identifying Hearne's routes, his achievements are being brought into proper perspective in the exploration of North America.

The book is splendidly illustrated by numerous maps, both ancient and modern, including a dramatic straightline projection of Hearne's routes on a modern map of the Canadian north, together with many excellent photographs of the grim and still inhospitable terrain traversed by Hearne almost two hundred years ago.

Miss Burns is a freelance writer and broadcaster with a particular interest in history of the northwest.

Reprinted

EXPEDITIONS TO THE CANADIAN ARCTIC

By P. D. Baird

This 16-page pamphlet lists sea and land expeditions from earliest times to 1918, naming leaders, vessels, objectives and results, and publications describing each of the expeditions.

Available for 35 cents from
The Beaver, Hudson's Bay House
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba

SPINNING AND WEAVING at Upper Canada Village

By Audrey Spencer. 40 pages, illus. 75 cents.

EARLY FURNITURE in Upper Canada Village

By Jeanne Minhinnick. 43 pages, illus. 75 cents. Both by Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1964.

These two small unusual booklets will serve collectors and museum workers in Canada well and long. Written with care as to technicalities, they combine easy readability with specific information so acutely needed by those who either collect or have responsibility for the care of furnishings or woven materials. This applies not only to pieces in Ontario for many were taken by settlers to all parts of Canada, particularly to the west in the '80s when the flood of easterners arriving at Red River by steamboat from Saint Paul, or going by the newly completed C.P.R. to form towns along its lengthy course, brought with them the bare necessities of life plus a few cherished handmade articles that were links with the old home.

Because they have been prepared by people who know what they are talking about, these pamphlets will become reference books to be kept at hand, not only as an aid to identification, but also to assist the volunteer workers in small local museums with the difficult task of labelwriting. Now, instead of simply stating "Mrs Pottlebury's chair—1882" facts can be added; the kind of facts that teach. School teachers will also rejoice that dependable pioneer information, exceedingly well illustrated, is available at a very low price.

The booklets are of course limited in scope but their usefulness is such, especially in these years when Centenary historical plans are rampant, that one can only express grateful thanks for the many long hours of work put in by the authors and photographers.—*B.A.J.*

DYE PLANTS AND DYEING

Handbook No. 46. Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225. 100 pages, illus. $1.25 (U.S.)

This is a fascinating summary of the results to be obtained, with knowledge and skill, from innumerable unlikely source plants and trees. The plants are well illustrated by easily recognizable drawings, as well as photographs of them and of the different processes. The importance of mordants is stressed and rules given for mordanting and dyeing wool, cotton and linen, and silk.

The very compact book also covers historic works, and the craft in different countries from Lapland to Japan to South Africa. The Canadian section quotes an article by Douglas Leechman on aboriginal dyes in addition to recipes from the prairies and from the west coast.

Craftsmen who want to capture the beauty of natural dyes will find this book invaluable. And the general reader who likes to browse will relish such snippets as comments of the Conquistadores on the colours used in Mexican decoration, the regulations concerning the robes of Buddhist monks in Thailand, and the fact that glamorous naming of colours such as prevails today—peekaboo pink, off-white frosted—goes back to Greek and Roman times with "the green of Paphian myrtle, the grey of the crane" and so on.—*M.B.*

BOOKS

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